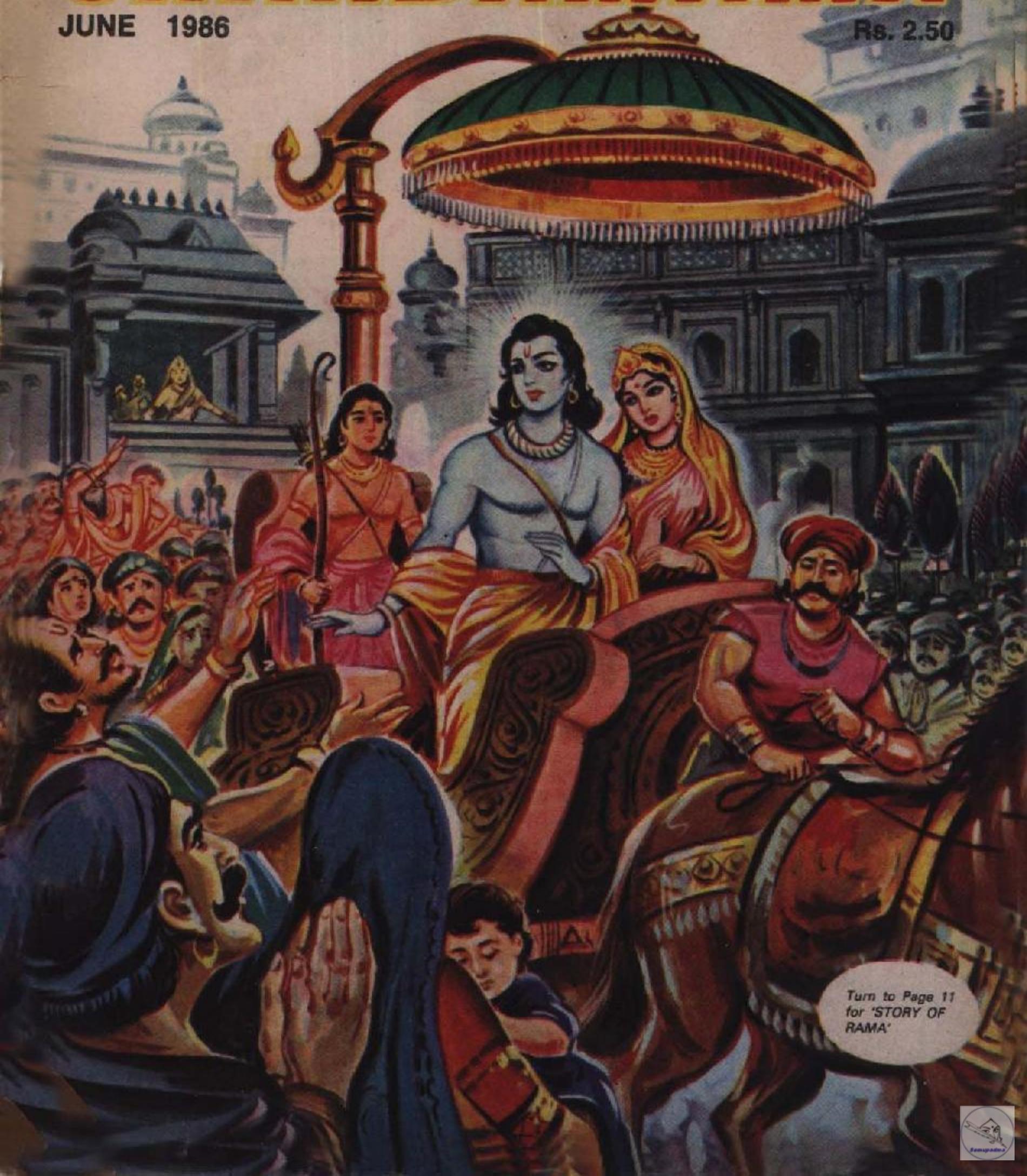


CHANDAMAMA

JUNE 1986

Rs. 2.50



Turn to Page 11
for 'STORY OF
RAMA'





Once there was a little bee.
A funny smiling bumble bee.



But whenever paper he tried
to stick, it would fall off with
a tiny click.



He was sad, and was about
to howl. When suddenly he
saw a rabbit and an owl.



Imagine his glee, they were
bottles of gum. And the
name on them was Fevigum.



He could see the colour was
pink. He said 'It will smell
nice I think.'



He opened it, yelled a
happy yell. Because it had
a strawberry smell.



Bee started sticking paper,
as quickly. And Fevigum
stuck it all so neatly.



Bee had lots of fun sticking
too. Use Fevigum and so
will you!



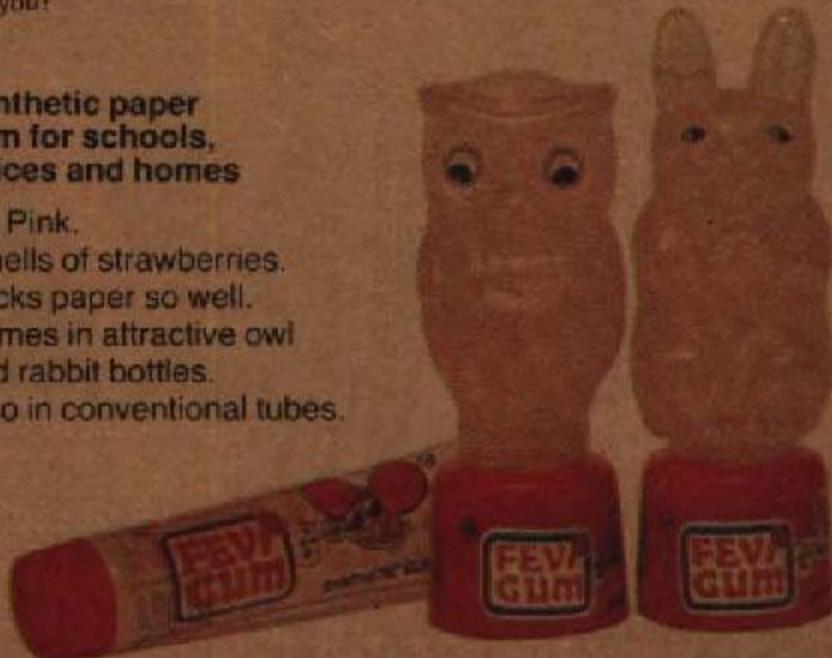
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Synthetic paper
gum for schools,
offices and homes

It's Pink.
Smells of strawberries.
Sticks paper so well.
Comes in attractive owl
and rabbit bottles.
Also in conventional tubes.



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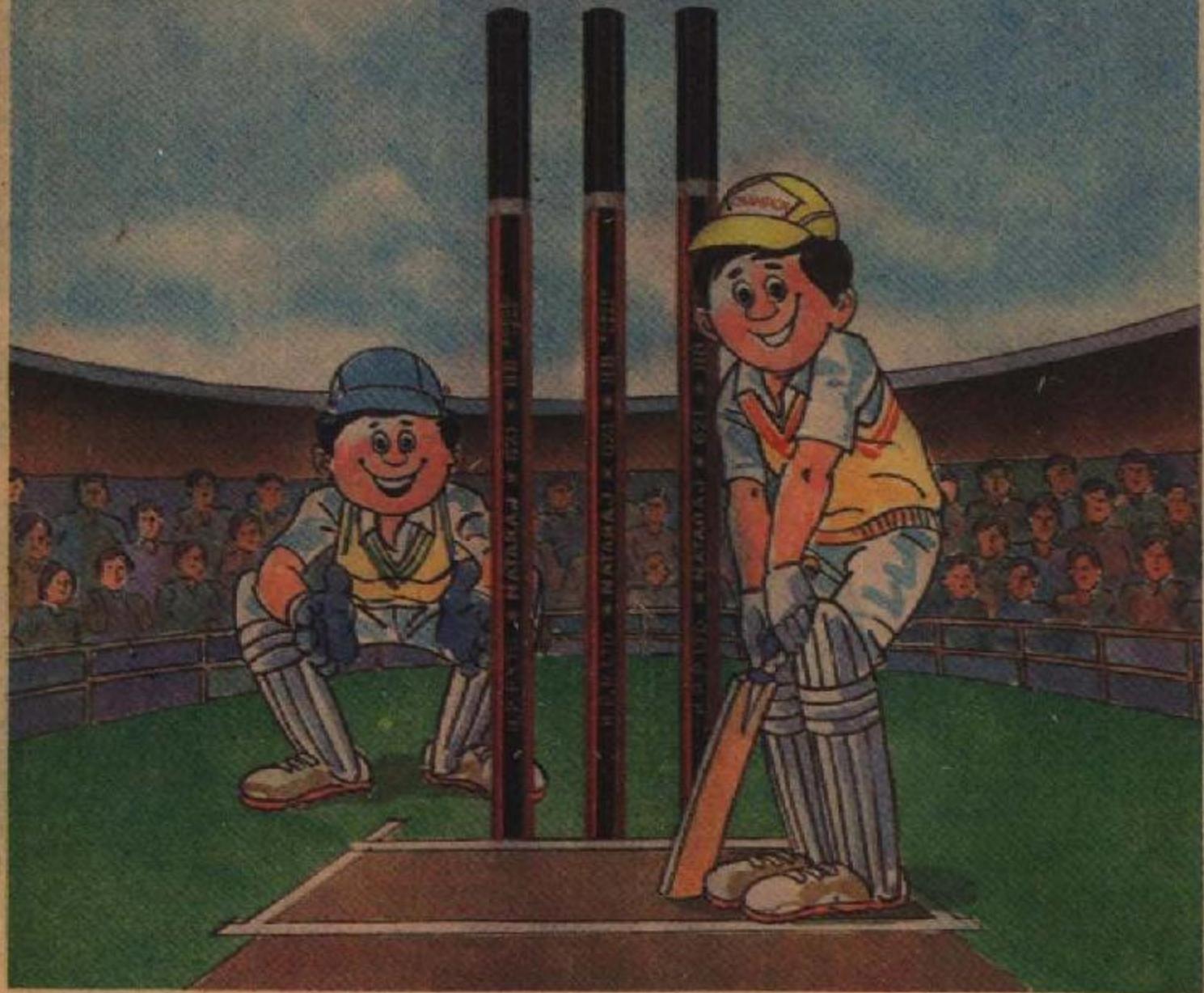


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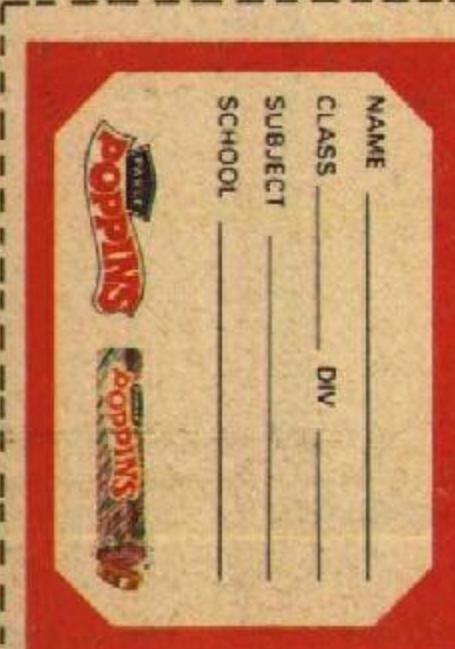
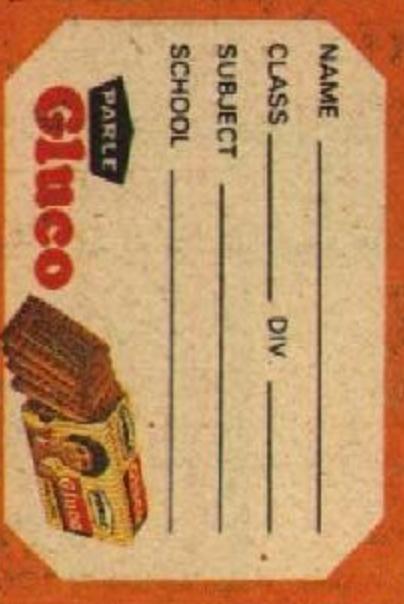
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NEXT ISSUE

- * Rama in the Forest: It is charming, but dangers lurk from the dark woods. The *Story of Rama* proceeds.
- * SHRINES OF KANCHIPURAM: The illustrated account of the holy sites of one of the seven sacred cities of India. In *Temples of India*.
- * OF COMMONSENSE AND COMMON SENSE in *Towards Better English*.
- * A bunch of absorbing stories, a Character from Classics, Laughs from Many Lands and much more.

Thoughts to be Treasured

A life of sacrifice is the pinnacle of art, and is full of true joy.

—Mahatma Gandhi

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AND News Flash, Did You Know, Let Us
Know and More.





CHANDAMAMA

Controlling Editor: NAGI REDDI
Founder: CHAKRAPANI

LONG LIVE OUR HILLS AND TREES

One of the silent dangers threatening our country is the destruction of forests and hills. It is not that this process just deprives the landscapes of beauty and dignity, but it causes great imbalance in climate. The cycles of seasons are disturbed; rivers change their courses and there are unforeseen floods. The trees are the givers of oxygen that sustains us, to mention one of their major roles in our life. Should such a wealth be used carelessly? We bring this problem to your notice because it has become very much necessary for the masses to realise the great harm that is coming upon the country because of the activities of some people or agencies who are not fully aware of what they are doing. You can make them conscious of this whenever there is an opportunity to do so.



अजरामरवत् प्राप्तो विद्यामर्थं च किञ्चयेत् ।
गृहीत इति केतेषु मृत्युना धर्ममावरेत् ॥

*Ajarāmaravat prāpto vidyāmartham ca cintayet
Gṛhīta ita keśeṣu mṛtyunā dharmanācaret*

The wise should gather the wealth of knowledge (with such zeal) as if he would never age or die. But he must adhere to the path of righteousness (so strictly) as if Death had already caught hold of him by the hair.

—The Hitopadeshah



Stop bad breath. Fight tooth decay.



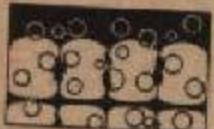
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Colgate after every meal.
Stop bad breath, fight tooth decay.
Give them the Colgate Ring of Confidence.



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You'll love
its fresh minty taste!



JET'S FLASH

THE SUNNY COWS



Engineers of the West German Electric Power Union have found that the warmth from twenty cows can heat a large apartment and save 3,300 litres of fuel oil a year. A cow weighing slightly over half a tonne gives off 1,200 watts in body heat day and night which can be recuperated with a heat pump.

THE OLDEST ROCK PAINTING

Archaeologists have discovered cave paintings in Tasmania, Australia believed to be at least 14,000 years old making them the world's oldest known rock paintings.



THE TALLEST PEOPLE

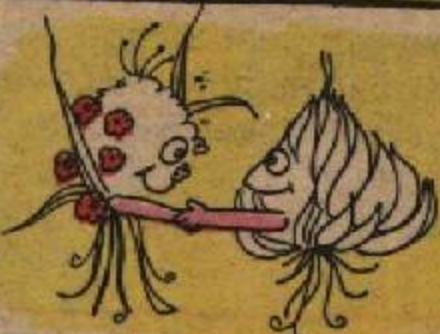
The Dutch are on an average among the tallest people in the world today. Researchers have found that in the past twenty years the average height of Dutch males has gone up by four centimetres to 1.68 metres.

VISION TELEPHONE

The deaf and dumb can now make use of a vision telephone. That is to say, they can communicate with one another through screen-to-screen writing, through the telephone network.



DID YOU KNOW?



Garlic belongs to the family of lilies.

For its size, the ant has a larger brain than other animals.



The gossamer thread of a spider's web is stronger than steel thread of the same diameter.

The Hawaiian alphabet consists of twelve letters only.



Gustave Flaubert, the French novelist used to often take a whole week to decide on the use of a single word. Sometimes he used to spend the morning putting a comma in, and the afternoon taking it out.

In the Arctic region a normal conversation can be heard two miles away.



STORY OF

RAMA



—By Manoj Das

(Rama was led by Sage Viswamitra to Mithila. He married Princess Sita and returned to Ayodhya, to the great rejoicings of the people. King Dasaratha proposed to declare him his heir apparent and to hand over the kingly duties to him. Suddenly Kaikeyee, Dasaratha's youngest queen, demanded that her son Bharata be declared heir-apparent and Rama be exiled for fourteen years. This she demanded in lieu of two wishes Dasaratha had once promised to grant her. Rama got ready to fulfil his father's commitment.)

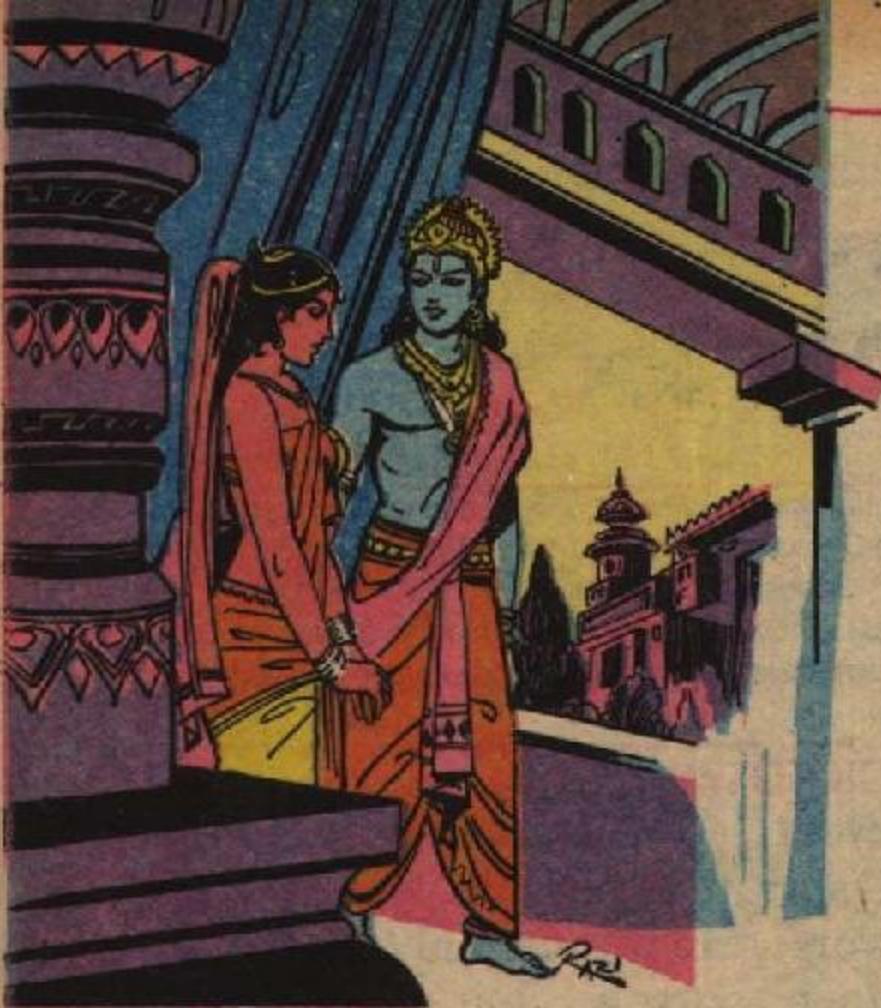
INTO THE UNKNOWN

The city lost its lustre; as if a large cloud loomed large over it. In utter disgust the citizens dismantled the arches and flag-staffs they had put up for the great occasion of Rama's coronation as the crown-prince.

Kaushalya, Rama's mother and the eldest queen of Dasaratha, fainted again and again at the most unexpected turn of

events. The condition of King Dasaratha himself was even worse. He was not only beset by deep sorrow, but also tormented by a sense of guilt. After all, it was he who had promised to grant any two wishes to Kaikeyee. Again, it was his dignity that Rama wished to uphold by going into exile.





"My son, disregard my commitment to Kaikeyee. I had made her promises. Let me break my promise and face the consequences. I will rather suffer hell than suffer separation from you. Besides how can the world pardon me, how can I pardon myself, by punishing an innocent boy like you?" said King Dasaratha.

In a reply that was sweet but clipped with determination, Rama left no one in any doubt that his decision to go to the forest was firm.

And soon he met with an equal firmness in Sita's decision to accompany him. For every

argument Rama put forward to dissuade her from taking such a step, she had an equally powerful argument in support of her decision. "You're telling me about violent beasts in the forest. But can there be any beast, however fearful, which can dare to come near you? You are telling me about the thorny path through the jungle. Well, as long as you're with me, that will be as comfortable to me as a path paved with cotton and deer-skin," she said in tears.

Next to announce his decision to follow Rama was Lakshmana. Sumitra, far from feeling aggrieved, blessed her son for his wise decision. "My boy," she said addressing Lakshmana, "Look upon Rama as Dasaratha and upon Sita as myself—your mother. Look upon the forest as the city of Ayodhya."

Rama had to agree to let them accompany him.

Rama distributed alms to the needy and made offerings to the worthy. Then he climbed his chariot, followed by Sita and Lakshmana, to be driven by the noble courtier, Sumantra.

Thousands ran behind the chariot as it began to move. "Go slow, Sumantra, for we wish to



have a close last look at Rama. We may not be alive by the time he returns."

"Speed up, my good friend, for I cannot stand their anguish." Rama whispered to Sumantra.

"I beg you to go back, my elders and friends." shouted Sumantra, looking at the crowd. Then he began pulling the reins of the horses in a manner that made them gallop faster.

As the dust raised by the speeding chariot subsided, the people were pained to see their aged King Dasaratha who had come out to the open, crying like a child. Queen Kaikeyee

took hold of him, but he spurned her assistance. "Get out of my sight, you sinful woman" he shouted angrily, putting the ambitious lady to shame. He then cried out, "How can our beloved son, used to sleeping on feather-light bed fanned by sweet hands, sleep on dusty ground, his head resting on a rock? How can our daughter Sita, whose ears have been accustomed to music and tender speech, bear the roars of tigers?"

Dasaratha was led to Queen Kaushalya's room. "O my queen, I cannot see anything. Have my eyes flown with



Rama?" he wondered.

Queen Kaushalya had no words of consolation for her husband. But the second queen Sumitra fanned the king and said, "My lord, be sure that the sun will never be harsh on Rama, the cool and fragrant breeze of the forest will never desert him, for it will always be eager for his touch and the moonlight will keep a watch on him like the eyes of a fond father. Radiating his nobleness, Rama will change the forest into a sweet home. Don't you worry!"

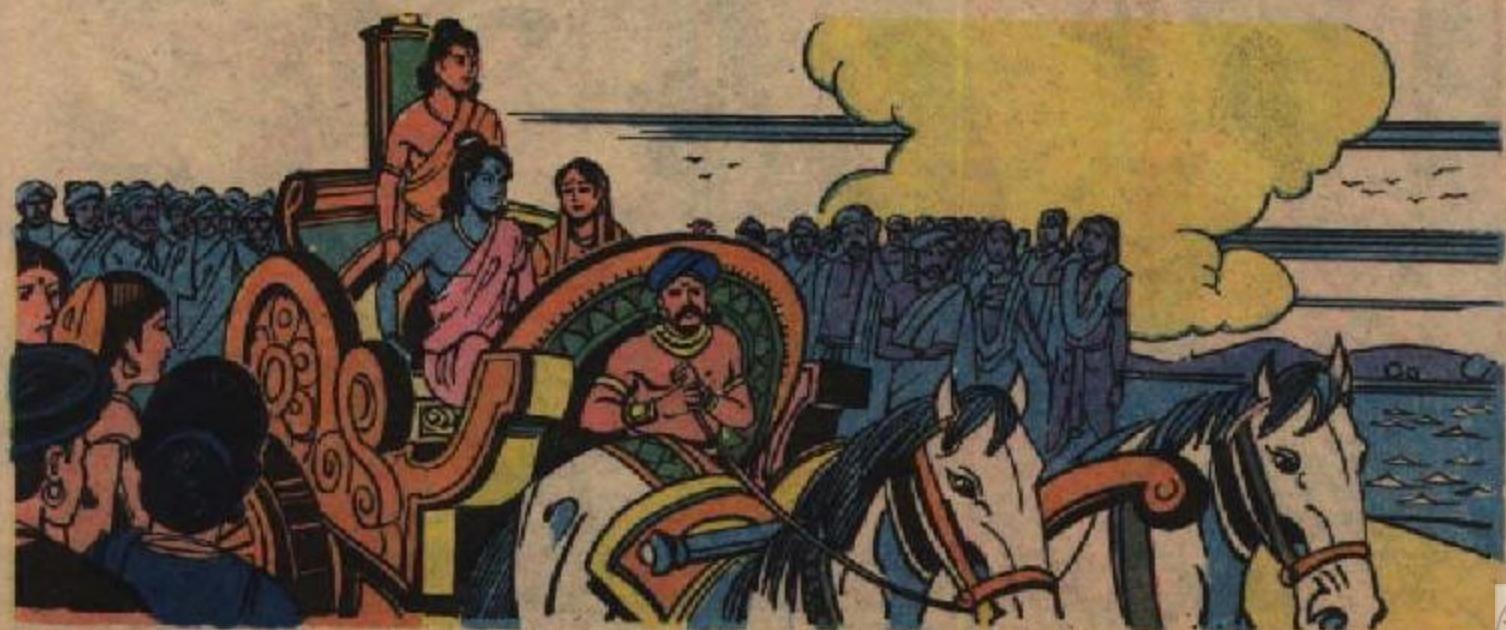
Meanwhile Rama's chariot reached the bank of the river Tamasha. To his surprise, he saw a number of citizens arriving there, gasping for breath following the chariot's track. Among them were many a celebrity of the city.

It was evening. Rama decided to spend the night on the river-bank. The people lay down on the grass delighted and proud to pass a night with Rama, Sita and Lakshmana amidst them. They decided to resume their prayers to Rama for his return to Ayodhya, in the morning.

But when the eastern sky became red and the sun was about to rise and the chirping and whistling birds woke the citizens up, Rama's party was gone! At midnight the chariot had crossed the river.

The people tore their hair and cursed their sleep and returned to their homes looking like their own ghosts.

"What use your coming back without Rama?" their wives asked them.



THE KING AND THE SCHOLAR

King Visvadev had retired from his royal duties, handing them over to his able son. He decided to study the Bhagavatam.

He had a friend in the old guru Vishnu Sharma who lived in his Ashram far away. At the king's request Vishnu Sharma sent him an annotated manuscript of the Bhagavatam. The annotation was very lucid and profound and the king was very happy.

As he went on with his study of the Bhagavatam, he felt inspired to render the ideas into poetry. When he completed his work, he felt that he was a great poet. He wrote to Vishnu Sharma to send a critic to him who would evaluate his poetry.

A few days later a young man met the king. He had been sent by Vishnu Sharma.

The king was annoyed at the sight of the young man. "You see, the Bhagavatam is a difficult scripture. My poetry is not easy either. Go back and ask Sharma to send an expert," said the king.

After a fortnight Vishnu Sharma arrived there. The king asked him how he had sent a young man to evaluate his poetry—that too on the Bhagavatam!

"Your Majesty, the young man was Udayan, whose annotation of the Bhagavatam you studied," said Vishnu Sharma.

The king sat stunned. "How is it that he did not say anything about his scholarship?" he asked.

"A true scholar is often humble. He does not like to boast of his achievements," explained Vishnu Sharma.



THE PAINTED BULLS

Murti was a renowned artist. He used to go from town to town, showing his paintings to noblemen and zamindars who used to buy them at high prices.

Once, Murti painted a picture of two oxen fighting. His admirers praised it to the skies.

"How life-like they look as if ready to spring out of the picture!" said one.

"It is a masterpiece. I can almost feel the wrath of the oxen for each other," said another.

Murti swelled with pride. He threw a party to his flatterers. Late he had the painting mounted on silk tied to a sandal-wood handle.

One day, Murti and his followers stopped at a village on their way to the capital—to show his paintings to the king. A crowd gathered to see the great artist.

"Murti, why don't you let these village bumpkins have a taste of your genius?" said one of his friends. Murti laughed



and stretched out his hand for the painting of the two fighting oxen. The masterpiece was brought out of a trunk and handed over to him. Murti held the big roll in his hands. "Villages," he said unrolling the painting, "this is the painting you may enjoy. The rest may be too difficult for you to understand. This one is realistic."

A hush fell over the crowd. Suddenly a peasant boy laughed aloud, showing his gleaming teeth. Murti was offended. "What do you know of painting, you chap?" he asked haughtily. "Don't they look life-like?"

"They look real enough," assured the boy with an enigmatic smile.

"Then how dare you laugh at my work of art?" asked Murti.

"I have seen so many ox-fights. When oxen fight and butt at each other with their horns, they always keep their tails tucked between their rumps. But in your picture they look so funny with their tails flicking about!" said the boy.

Suddenly all the villagers began to laugh.

Murti rolled up his picture and left.



TEST FOR A TEACHER

Once there was a young man who wanted to be a teacher. And he knew that the headmaster of a nearby school wanted an assistant teacher. He went to the old man and showed him the certificates he had received.

"Sir, I want to become a dedicated teacher," said the young man. The old headmaster looked at him through his heavy glasses then said, "I'm glad to know that you want to become a teacher, but first you have to cultivate the virtue of patience."

The young man gravely nodded.

"Come, I'll show you round the school," said the headmaster. They had barely crossed a few yards when the headmaster said, "If you are patient you will make great progress with your pupils."

After a few minutes the headmaster turned towards the young man again and said, "Nothing can be taught without patience."

At the end of the round of the school, the headmaster accompanied the young man to the gate.

"Remember, son, patience is everything. Be patient with your pupils every minute of the day."

"Sir, do you take me for a fool? This is the fourth time you've told me the same thing!" burst out the young man.

"Exactly, my son. I've repeated it only four times and you have already lost patience. If you lose control so fast, how will you teach the children?" asked the headmaster.

The young man stopped. He then touched the elder's feet and said, "You're right, Sir. I'll be back only when I'm confident that I've mastered the virtue of patience."





SUPRIYA AND SUMEET

Once upon a time there was a zamindar who was childless for a long time. At last a daughter was born to him bringing a sparkle to his life. But unfortunately, a few days after the birth of the baby, his wife died. The zamindar named his daughter Supriya. She became the apple of his eye.

Supriya grew up to be a very intelligent young girl with pleasing manners. She had many good qualities, but she was very obstinate. The zamindar used to take great pride in his daughter, but sometimes her obstinacy used to vex him as much.

Supriya came of age. The zamindar started looking for a suitable match for her in the neighbouring villages. It was a difficult task. There were many eligible bachelors but alas! some were foolish while others were

dishonest; some others were not of good character and mostly all had their eye on the zamindar's wealth. The zamindar then looked in ordinary families but in vain.

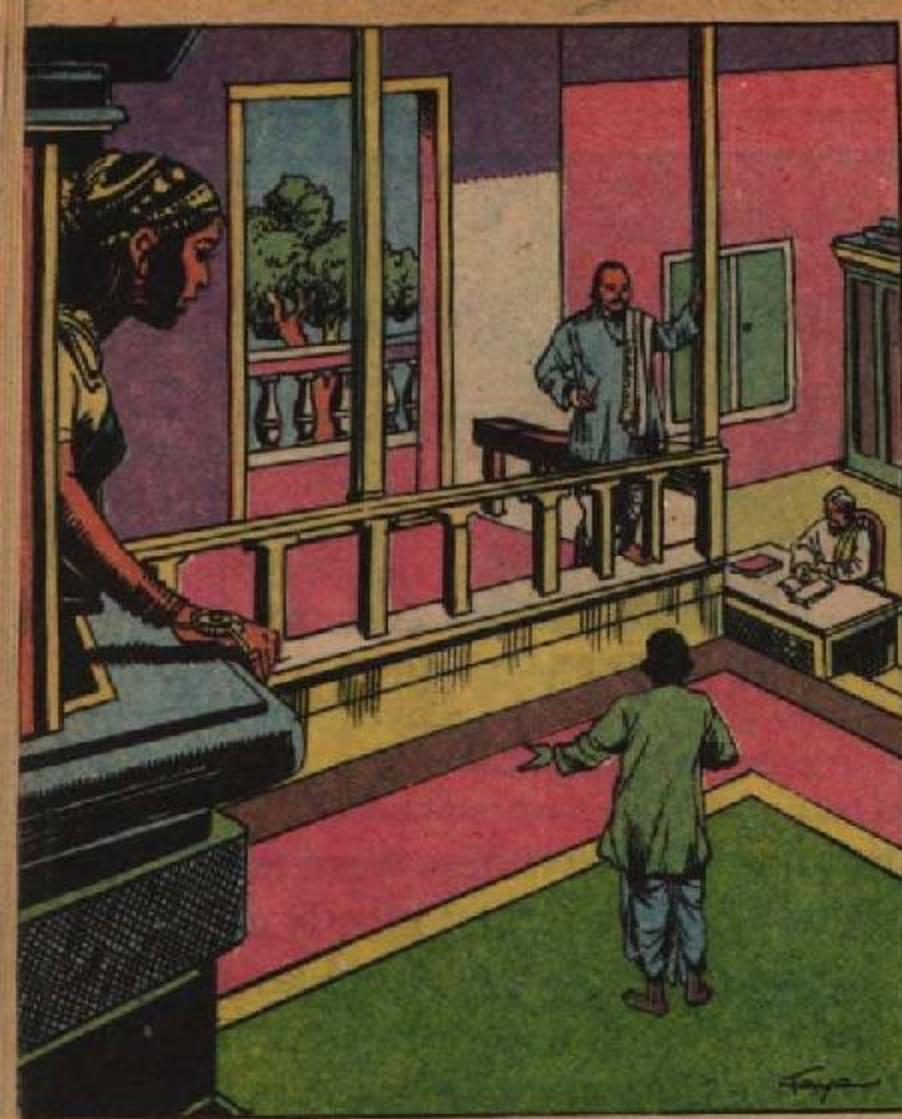
"Father, I don't want to get married," said Supriya one day.

"How is that possible, my dear girl?" observed the zamindar. "I have no close or intimate relatives who will take care of you when I am no more. And you are such a difficult person! If you don't get married how will you manage in life?" asked the zamindar.

"But father, aren't you contradicting yourself? You say that I am a difficult person; then how is it that you are looking for a bridegroom for me? How do you expect me to pull on with anybody?" challenged Supriya.

"But, my dear girl, there lies





the difficulty. I am not looking for any ordinary young man! I'm looking for the right person for you," replied the zamindar.

"If I marry, I'll marry an intelligent person," said Supriya obstinately.

"But I don't trust my own intelligence, my daughter, how shall I judge someone else's?" asked the zamindar.

"Leave that to me, father. You just be patient."

"Very well," agreed the zamindar. "But since you don't go out and mix with other people, how will you ever judge them?" asked the zamindar.

"Father, whatever is destined will happen. Don't you worry."

"Let it be so," said the zamindar. "From now on I leave everything in your hands."

A few days went by. A young man called Sumeet came to the zamindar's house. He was on his way to the town to look for work. The zamindar needed an assistant and so Sumeet stayed back at the zamindar's house. Everyone liked Sumeet's good behaviour. He proved quite intelligent too.

One day, while the zamindar and Sumeet were preparing to go on a long journey, Suriya came with a box full of food and said, "Go like the primordial travellers. Do not carry the road upon your head."

On the way the zamindar asked Sumeet, "what did Supriya say? It sounded like nonsense!"

"Sir, what Supriya said makes perfect sense. The Sun and the Moon are the primordial travellers. So Supriya asked us to travel like them. That is, not to hurry but to go at a leisurely pace. Secondly, although we carry no weight upon our heads, the way will seem heavy if we travel in silence. Therefore she asked us to talk of this and that

to pass our time," explained Sumeet. The zamindar was very happy to hear this.

Another day, when Sumeet was about to go into the forest on some work, Supriya gave him a scythe and said, "Take a horse."

"Horse? The forest is so dense that a man has difficulty entering it; how can a horse go? And what's the link between a scythe and a horse?" asked the perplexed zamindar.

Sumeet laughed and said, "What Supriya means is by the help of this scythe I'll be able to cut down creepers and branches that come in my way. And I can also make a stick with its help. In the forest a stick is as helpful as a horse on the road." The zamindar was greatly impressed.

A month passed by. In the meantime the zamindar's manager celebrated his daughter's wedding with great pomp and show.

"The foundation of your house seems to be very strong," remarked Supriya.

"My house is made out of mud. What's the use of a strong foundation?" replied the man-



ager.

Supriya went to her father and said, "Father, your manager doesn't seem to be an honest man. For his position he has disproportionately more wealth. From where does the money come?"

One day, the zamindar along with Sumeet, went to inspect a distantly situated farm land. At noon the manager came with a tiffin-carrier and said, "I have been asked to tell you that there is a full moon on the roof-top. On the ground floor there are five sacks of grain. Look carefully in all four corners. You might catch a rat."

Sumeet opened the tiffin-





carrier and inspected the boxes one by one. Then he turned towards the manager and said, "If you could steal from this box, how much more have you stolen from the zamindar's estates?"

The manager was speechless. The zamindar immediately asked Sumeet to search the manager's house.

"Forgive me, my Lord," said the manager falling at the zamindar's feet. "I have been greedy. Time and again I have misappropriated money from your estates. I shall return everything to you. Please forgive me."

Sumeet turned towards the

zamindar and explained, "The full moon on the roof-top means Supriya had kept thickened milk in the top box. In the last box she had kept five sacks of grain, that is five cutlets. Four corners means four boxes. I looked carefully at the four boxes and found out that the manager was dishonest. He has eaten a little of everything. Look, there are four cutlets instead of five and the thickened milk doesn't look too full." Supriya had put the odd number deliberately. The manager naturally thought that we will expect four cutlets and not five!" The zamindar was happy to get rid of the manager.

One day the zamindar told Supriya, "My Child, I think we can stop looking for a bridegroom."

Supriya remained silent and blushed. Her father went on. "Not only is Sumeet intelligent and understanding, but also he comes from a respectable family. Can I go ahead with the preparations for your wedding?"

Supriya smiled.

A month later Supriya and Sumeet were married amidst great rejoicing. Sumeet proved himself a worthy heir to the zamindar.





GODDESS OF LUCK

In a small village in Africa there once lived a poor man named Bappa. Every morning he used to go into the river on a raft and lower bamboo baskets into the water. These baskets were such that once the fish got in, they could never come out. Bappa used to tie the strings attached to the baskets, to a stump on the riverside and go back home. In the evening he used to return to pull up his baskets. And this is how he used to make a living by selling fish that he caught.

One evening Bappa went into the river and pulled up two of his baskets. Alas, they were empty. He pulled up a third basket. A tiny crab was trapped inside. Bappa thought, "If I don't catch any fish today what shall I eat?" In a pleading voice he said aloud, "O Goddess of

Fate, take pity on this poor man. At least let the last basket have something."

Slowly Bappa pulled up the fourth basket. It felt very heavy. Bappa was already smiling in anticipation. But what a strange sight met his eyes. An old woman came up with the basket. Bappa rubbed his eyes. He must be dreaming. He decided to lower the basket into the water once more.

"My son, take me to the shore," pleaded the old lady just as Bappa was going to lower the basket. Bappa dropped the woman ashore and started walking straight towards his hut. When he reached his home he found that the old woman had followed him.

"Why did you follow me?" asked Bappa rudely. He was in





a bad mood for he hadn't caught a single fish that day.

"I'll do all your work for you. Just give me something to eat and a place to sleep in," begged the old woman.

Bappa took out a piece of stale bread from a box and gave it to her. The old woman munched it with great delight as if they were freshly baked. Bappa went to sleep on an empty stomach.

Suddenly, in the middle of the night Bappa woke up. The old woman was building a bamboo fence.

"What are you doing?" asked Bappa.

"I'm doing what is needed for your welfare," replied the old woman cherrily. Bappa went back to sleep thinking that the old woman was probably senile.

In the morning when Bappa woke-up, he couldn't believe his eyes. There was a fenced enclosure in front of his hut with a thick thatched roof. Suddenly a herd of cows entered into the enclosure. They seemed to have come out of the river. Bappa was still looking with bewildered eyes when the old woman came and told him, "These are all yours, son."

Bappa's joy knew no bounds. From that day onwards he sold milk, butter and cheese and in no time he had become a rich business man. Every day a truck load of things used to be taken to the town from Bappa's dairy. The old woman looked after everything as she had promised.

Bappa pulled down his dilapidated hut and built a new house. With the increase of wealth increased Bappa's pride and he became arrogant. Soon he fell into bad company. Almost everyday he used to be invited to some rich man's house.

One night, Bappa returned very late from a friend's place.





He had drunk a lot of wine and swayed from side to side. He knocked at the door. The old woman took a long time to open the door. Bappa was furious, "I took you out of the river and gave you shelter. How dare you be disrespectful to me? Get out. I have many other servants who can look after me!"

The old woman quietly started towards the river. And lo! In front of Bappa's very eyes his new house and dairy crum-

bled to dust. And all the cows followed the old woman. Bappa screamed and shouted but to no avail. The old woman along with the cows disappeared into the river as mysteriously as she had come out of it.

Bappa became a poor man once again. He sat down among the debris of his house and realised too late that the old woman was none other than the Goddess of Fate.

SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES



THE CHANGING TASTE

King Suvarna had heard much about Sage Suryadev who had his Ashram in the forest. He desired to pass a night in the company of the sage. He sent his minister to the Ashram to talk to the sage and obtain his permission for the king's sojourn.

"Your king is a good soul and a seeker. Why would he otherwise wish to pass his time in a hut, away from all the means of luxury that surround him? He is

most welcome, O noble messenger," said the sage. One of the inmates of the Ashram handed over a glass of milk to the minister.

The tired minister seemed to relish every drop of the milk. "I had never tasted so delicious milk in my life. The source of this milk must be a very special cow!" observed the minister.

"Well, she is our guru's favourite cow. She has been brought up under his love and



care!" informed the disciple.

After resting for a while the minister left for the capital. Next day he escorted the king to the Ashram. The sage received the king with great affection. The king prostrated himself to the sage. The sage blessed him and offered him a seat made of soft grass. Then he asked one of his disciples to fetch a glass of milk for the valued guest.

The minister at once whispered to the disciple, "Please offer the king milk from the same cow—I mean the favourite cow of the sage."

"Yes, sir, I will do so. That is the guru's instruction," said the

disciple.

He brought milk both for the king and his minister. While handing over the glass to the minister, he said, "This too is from the same cow."

"Thank you," he said. But as he began sipping it, his lips were curled. He asked the disciple in a whisper again, "Is this milk from the same cow? Are you sure of it?"

"Yes, sir, I poured it into two glasses and gave one glass to the king and the other to you," said the disciple.

The king was busy talking to the sage while sipping the milk.

The sage went inside the hut



for some work. The minister was left alone with the king.

"Your Majesty, how did the milk taste?"

"Wonderful, just wonderful!" said the king.

"Your Majesty, I too had found it wonderful—yesterday. So much so that I had decided to buy the cow from the sage.. I calculated that even if he demanded a hundred gold coins for her, I will not hesitate to pay it. But, surprisingly, today the milk tasted most ordinary!" said the minister.

The king grew grave. "My minister," he said, "You found the milk wonderful yesterday

because you felt grateful to the sage. Then you grew wiser! The selfish little man in you began to evaluate the value of the milk in terms of money, not in terms of the sage's kindness. How can the milk taste wonderful to you today?"

The minister hung his head.

"My minister, I wish to pass a night here in peace, free from calculations of profit and loss or what tastes good or bad. Will you please leave me alone?" the king said again.

The minister went away. The sage came out of his hut, smiling benevolently, as if he understood everything!



KALYAN

THE FOLLY OF INGRATITUDE

A group of Rishis devoted themselves to long years of spiritual discipline. As a result, they earned the right to live in heavens.

They had only one difficulty in the way of their reaching their destination. They did not know how to proceed there—or the way to that wonderful place.

Among them was Kalyan, a wise and energetic Rishi. "Will you please find out the way for all of us?" the other Rishis said to him.

Kalyan went in quest of the way. We do not know how long it would have taken him to find the way or whether or not he would have found it at all. Luckily for him, he met a Gundharvanamed Umayu. The Gundharva took pity on him and taught him a hymn. If one uttered the hymn—of course only such a one who was entitled to live in heavens—the passage to heavens would open up before him.

Kalyan returned to his friends and taught them the hymn. When they asked how he got it, he did not disclose the source. The Rishis must have got the impression that Kalyan had got it through very difficult penance.

Led by Kalyan, they marched towards heavens, reciting the hymn. Something strange happened at the gateway to their goal. All were admitted, but not Kalyan.

Kalyan was refused admittance because he had not acknowledged his indebtedness to Umayu. He had been ungrateful to his benefactor.



THE UNHAPPY KING

Once there was a king who was always unhappy about one thing or the other. One morning, the king went out to hunt in the jungles. But even by evening he had not bagged a single animal. He returned to the palace in gloomy silence.

"My lord, had you been starving and had failed to catch a prey, I would have understood your unhappiness. But a game is a game, my lord. sometimes you win and sometimes the

other side wins," said the wise old minister who was almost like a father to the king. But the king remained sad.

Another day, the king and the queen were dining. The table was laden with the choicest food. Suddenly the king pushed back his dish. "There is no salt in the lamb roast," he exclaimed and got up.

"My lord, there are eleven other dishes prepared specially for you," said the queen. "Why





don't you take..." But the king waved an impatient hand and walked away, sulking.

The wise minister, who was worried about the king's unhappy moods, one day said, "My lord, there's a sage in the vicinity. Let us go to him and seek his advice." So the king and his minister went to the sage. The king kneeled in front of the sage and said, "I am the ruler of a vast kingdom, I have a beautiful wife, my coffers are full of gold and jewels and yet I am unhappy."

The sage opened his eyes and his grave countenance broke into a benign smile. "O king, go

and find for yourself the ring of a happy man and you shall never be unhappy again."

The king disguised himself and set off on horse back in search of a happy man. After many days of travel he chanced to meet a man beaming with smiles. "Who are you?" asked the king.

"I'm a priest," replied the man smilingly.

"Are you always happy?" asked the king.

"Alas! Not always. When I see the poor suffer my heart fills with grief."

The king bid the priest farewell and continued his search for a happy man. One day he met an astrologer. "Here is a happy man," thought the king to himself. "The future can hold no unpleasant surprise for him." But when the king asked him if he was happy, the astrologer said, "Indeed, I've avoided many a misfortune by looking into my future. But ever since I came to know about the exact date and time of my death, I've been unhappy."

The king left the astrologer and went ahead. Soon he came across a circus party that had



pitched its tent on the outskirts of the town. A man in a multi-coloured dress was doing a funny dance. After the show was over, the king tossed a coin at the clown and said, "You must be a very happy man!"

The clown shrugged his shoulders and took out his painted mask. There were tear stains on his cheeks.

"I have to make people laugh, to earn money. Otherwise my children would starve," said the clown.

The king resumed his journey. He had never felt more unhappy. So many days had gone by and he hadn't yet found a happy man. Exhausted, the king settled down at the foot of a tree.

The next morning he woke up with a stomach growling with hunger. Suddenly the steady rhythm of someone chopping wood reached his ears. Taking his horse by the reins, the king went towards the sound. In a small clearing he found a bare-bodied man busy cutting wood.

"Good morning, Sir," said the man cheerfully as the king approached him. "What brings you to this part of the forest?"



The king said that he had lost his way.

"You must be very hungry. Come, be my guest," said the woodcutter and he led the king to his hut. While the king washed his face, the woodcutter lit a fire and made some hot breakfast for the king.

"Do you live here all alone?" asked the king.

"Alone? Why, the forest is full of singing birds and dancing peacocks, and rabbits and squirrels and many other friendly animals. Sometimes unexpected guests like yourself turn up too!"

The king and the woodcutter



chatted for a while. Suddenly the king realised that this was the happiest man he had ever seen. "You must be very happy in the forest."

"Oh yes," replied the wood-cutter. "I love the forest and would never think of leaving it."

At last he had found a truly happy man. The king could no longer hold back his excitement. "Can you give me a ring? I'll give you anything you ask in return," said the king.

The man burst into a hearty laughter. "I would have given you my ring for nothing, but I'm sorry, I don't have one!"

With the woodcutter's innocent laughter still ringing in his ears, the king reached his palace. The next day he went to the sage and said, "At last I found a happy man in the forest,

but alas, he had no ring!"

"The man could not afford a ring, yet he was happy! Must you be unhappy even if you have so much? What do you think was the cause of his happiness?" asked the sage.

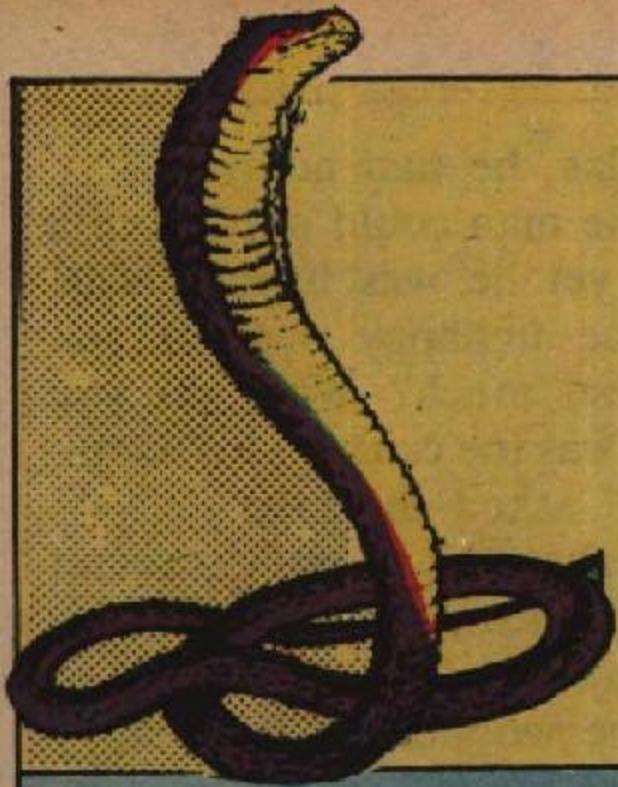
"Perhaps he knows the secret of happiness," replied the king in despair.

"The woodcutter was happy because he had no desires. The more one desires, the more unhappy one is, because not all our desires are fulfilled. You're poorer by number of your unfulfilled desires. So, go in peace and try to be content with your lot."

The king returned to his palace. With the passage of time his spells of unhappiness slowly disappeared.

Retold by Saswati Patnaik





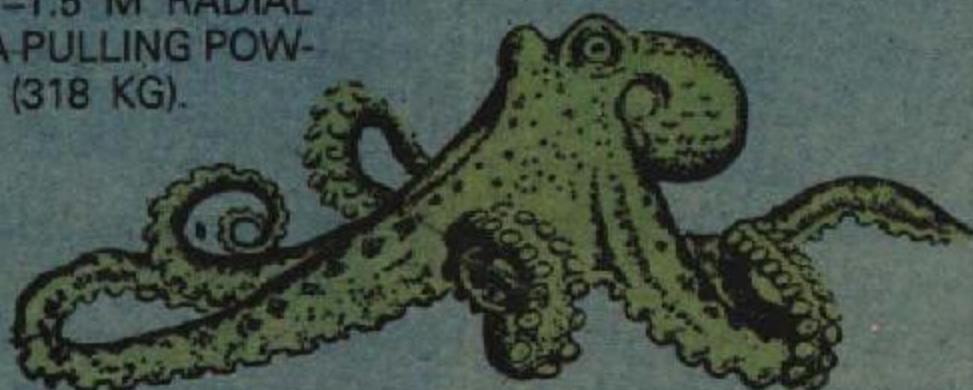
WORLD OF NATURE

KILLER!

IT HAS BEEN ESTIMATED THAT BETWEEN 30,000 AND 40,000 PEOPLE DIE EVERY YEAR FROM SNAKEBITES. THE HIGHEST FATALITY RATE IS IN BURMA WHICH HAS AN AVERAGE RATE OF 15.4 DEATHS PER 100,000 POPULATION.

THE PULL OF AN OCTOPUS

THE 2000 SUCKERS ON AN AVERAGE SIZED OCTOPUS (5FT-1.5 M RADIAL SPREAD) CAN EXERT A PULLING POWER OF OVER 700 LB (318 KG).



LARGEST DEER

THE ALASKAN MOOSE IS THE WORLD'S LARGEST DEER, REACHING A HEIGHT OF 7 FT. 8 IN (2.3 M) AND WEIGHING ABOUT 1800 LB (816 KG). THE ANTLERS SPAN AS MUCH AS 78½ IN (199 CM).



WORLD OF SPORT



FIRST TV OLYMPICS

THE FIRST OLYMPIC GAMES TO BE TELEVISED WAS THE BERLIN OLYMPIAD OF 1936. IT WAS ESTIMATED THAT THERE WERE 150,000 VIEWERS IN 28 PUBLIC TELEVISION ROOMS IN THE GERMAN CAPITAL.

THE LAST "CONVENTIONAL" FROND ENGINED GRAND PRIX CAR WAS LANCE REVENTLOW'S SCARAB WHICH APPEARED AT MONACO IN 1960.



LAST OF ITS KIND

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***Highest
speed***



SPOTS ON PEACOCK FEATHER ARE CALLED PEACOCK'S EYES

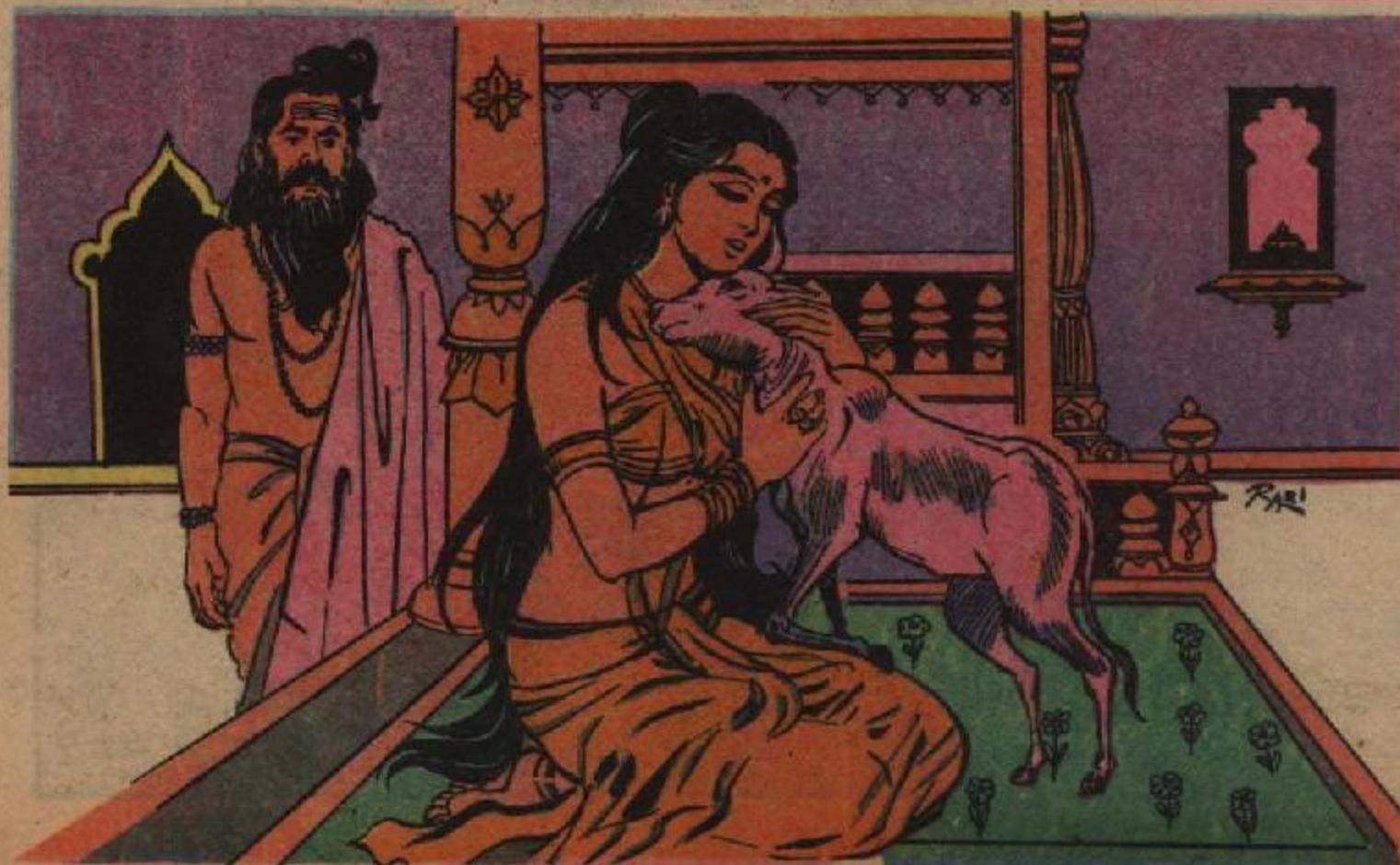
King Sagar had a beautiful daughter named Swarnamukhi. Her beauty was unrivalled throughout the land. One day Brihaspathi the preceptor of the Gods, happened to see her, and instantly he fell in love with her. He devised a plan to take her with him. By a magic spell he changed Swarnamukhi into a calf and took her to heaven.

Tara was delighted to see the calf. She became very attached to it and hardly parted the company of the calf. Ultimately, Brihaspathi had to present it to

her.

Tara appointed Shatnetra, the one hundred-eyed being, to guard the calf and to take it for grazing and to bring it back home every day.

One day, Shatnetra brought the calf to earth. On the earth King Sagar was searching for his lost daughter. It so happened that on the same day he came to the very place where the calf was grazing. On seeing her father, Swarnamukhi, in the form of the calf, thought of telling him about her plight. But



she was unable to do so; all that she could do was to low. Swarnamukhi then managed to scribble her name on the ground with her foreleg. King Sagar saw it and immediately guessed what had happened to his daughter. He rushed to save her, but was unable to do so because of Shatnetra who was guarding her closely.

Then the king went to Budh the son of the Moon-god, seeking his help. He pleaded with him to distract Shatnetra in some way so that he could take away his daughter from the field. Budh agreed to help him. He disguised himself as a cow herd and reached the grazing ground. There he sat down near Shatnetra and sang songs. But it had no effect on Shatnetra. He remained wide awake. After some time, he started telling

nightmarish stories but even that did not help. Budh then made a last attempt. He started telling an unending tale. Slowly Shatnetra closed his eyes pair after pair. In the end only one pair of eyes was left open, watching the calf closely. Budh then took out a flower from his bag and brought it near Shatnetra's nose. On smelling it, his last pair of eyes also closed.

Budh, then helped Swarnamukhi regain her form and restored her to King Sagar.

Shatnetra, rubbing his hands nervously, stood in front of Tara. She became very angry and plucked away all his one hundred eyes and put them on her peacock's tail.

It is thus that the peacock has so many eyes on its tail and they came to be known as "Peacock's eyes".



UP THERE

The other day a young man went to a wise old man who lived in the periphery of the town.

"Sir, make me your disciple," said the young man.

The old man smiled benevolently and said, "Why do you want a teacher? Open your eyes, son. Look around you. Everything in this world carries some message for man. The flowers, the trees, the mountains and the rivers—they all add to our knowledge of God and His ways."

"Everything?" asked the young man sceptically.

"Everything!" replied the wise man with a quiet emphasis.

In the distance the long whistle of an oncoming train could be heard. For a moment there was a sharp hiss of wheels, of metal dashing over metal, and then the shining body whizzed past and all was quiet once again.

"What can we learn from a train?" challenged the young man.

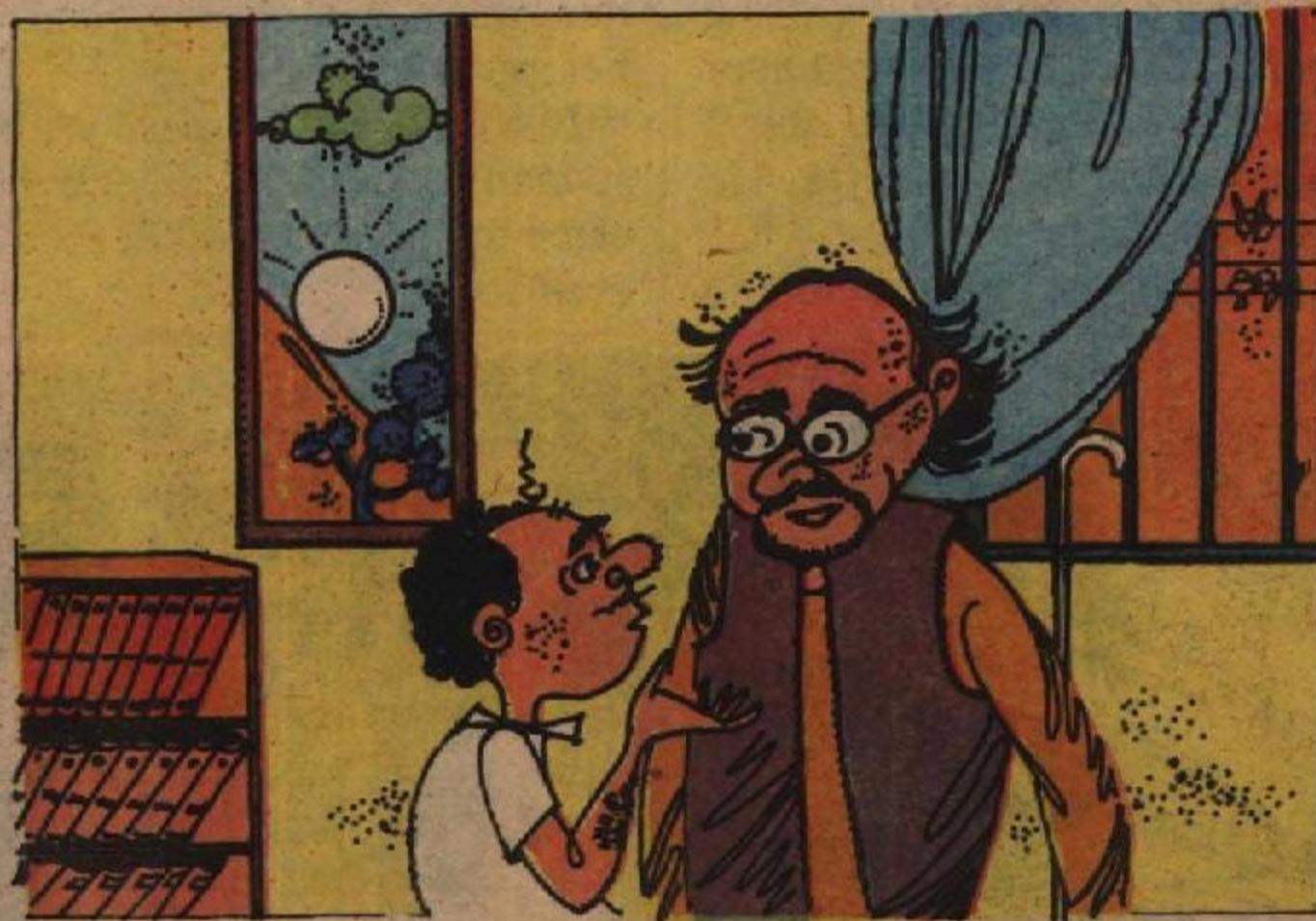
"Be late for a moment—and you miss it! Such is the importance of a moment!" replied the wise man.

The young man, after a brief silence, looked through the window at the telegraphic wires that ran from pole to pole. "What can we learn from the telegraph?" he asked.

"That every word is counted and charged! Hence be conscious of your speech!"

"And what can we learn from the telephone?" asked the young man again.

The old man closed his eyes and in a soft voice said, "That what we say here can be heard up there!"





Now Tales of King Vikram
and the Vampire

TWO SISTERS AND THE GUNDEHARVA

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. At the intervals of thunderclaps could be heard the moaning of jackals and the eerie laughter of spirits. Flashes of lightning showed fearful faces.

But King Vikrama swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought the corpse down and began crossing the desolate cremation ground. Suddenly spoke the vampire that possessed the corpse, "O King, you must have given your word to someone, otherwise you wouldn't have taken up this dangerous taste. Your sense of duty is commendable. But who could be called dutiful? Sometimes the rishi's and the sages put us in a quandary on this question. Let me cite an example. Pay attention to my narration. That might bring you some relief."





The vampire went on: This happened long long ago. The King of Padmapur had two daughters, Suniti and Surekha. Their beauty was equalled by their intelligence. Suniti, the elder daughter was known to be more sober and dutiful than Surekha. Surekha was more beautiful than Suniti but she was immature. Whenever there was some important work to be done the king used to give to Suniti. Surekha used to pass her time playing, dancing and singing.

One day Suniti was in the garden when suddenly a voice from behind called, "Beautiful

one!"

Suniti was startled to see a young Gundharva, a supernatural being. The Gundharva smiled and said, "Princess, I've been watching you for some time. I was going invisibly in the air when I saw you and descended. I have never seen a more beautiful girl than you. I wish to marry you."

Suniti, taken aback, said to the Gundharva. "Your proposal is too unexpected. I have to think a little before giving you an answer. Come this time tomorrow. I'll let you know then."

The Gundharva became invisible again and disappointed.

That day Princess Suniti lay lost in deep thoughts. She didn't breathe a word of her dialogue with the Gundharva to anyone. The next day the Gundharva came as expected. Suniti said, "I haven't been able to take a decision as yet. You do one thing. Go to the other side of this lake and wait for me behind the bushes. I'll see you in an hour."

The Gundharva went behind the tall reeds across the lake. The scene there made him wide-eyed. There, Princess Surekha



sat singing and making a garland of flowers. The Gundharva could not take his eyes off her. He stared at her for a while and then said, "Beautiful one!"

Surekha quickly turned around. The Gundharva said, "Beautiful one, looking at you I feel like leaving my Gundharva-hood to lead a human life with you. Come, let us marry. I hope you have no objections!"

Surekha was stunned by the Gundharva's good looks. The Gundharva repeated his request in a pleading voice. Surekha agreed.

The Gundharva said he would return the next day and disappeared. By evening Surekha could no longer hold back her happiness. She went and told Suniti everything. Suniti gravely said, "Look Surekha, the Gundharva seems to be very fickle-minded. Yesterday he wanted to marry me. Today, he wants you. Tomorrow he might propose to someone else. So, think well before doing a thing."

"Sister, he truly loves me. There's no doubt about that. When a Gundharva proposes to a human girl how can she refuse?"

Surekha went to her father



and told him of her heart's desire. The king was generous and he gave his permission for the marriage. The Gundharva had wanted to marry Surekha secretly but the king arranged a grand affair and the marriage took place amidst a lot of festivities. The king allotted a palace for his daughter and son-in-law where they stayed after the wedding.

After a few days Suniti too got married to a prince.

All went well for a few months. Then one day the Gundharva went out and never returned. At first Surekha thought that he would surely return. But



as the days flew by and there was still no sign of the Gundharva's return, Surekha broke down with grief. Seeing his daughter's distress the king too felt sad, but what could he do? The Gundharvas are supernatural beings and ordinary men can't catch them.

In the meantime Suniti heard of a sage. One day she took her sister Surekha along with her to the sage. They left their chariot at the ashram gates and walked up to the sage. Suniti told the sage about her sister's plight.

The sage heard the whole story. He then taught a mantra to Surekha. "Repeat this man-

tra for seven days and your Gundharva husband will return to you and never leave you again," said the sage.

The sisters bid the sage farewell. Just then the sage said to Suniti, "My daughter, you are a very irresponsible girl!" Suniti lowered her head in silence.

Surekha went home and repeated the mantra for seven days. And true to the sage's words, her husband came back and never left her again.

The vampire paused for a while and, in a challenging tone, demanded of King Vikram, "O King, I have a doubt. It was Suniti who always advised Surekha rightly. It was Suniti who took Surekha to the sage. Then why did the sage call Suniti an irresponsible girl? Answer me, O King, if you can. Should you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answers, your head would roll off your neck."

Forthwith replied King Vikram, "The sage blamed Suniti for her irresponsible conduct, not for mischief or any such quality. He had sufficient reason to say so. Suniti knew too well how fickle-minded the





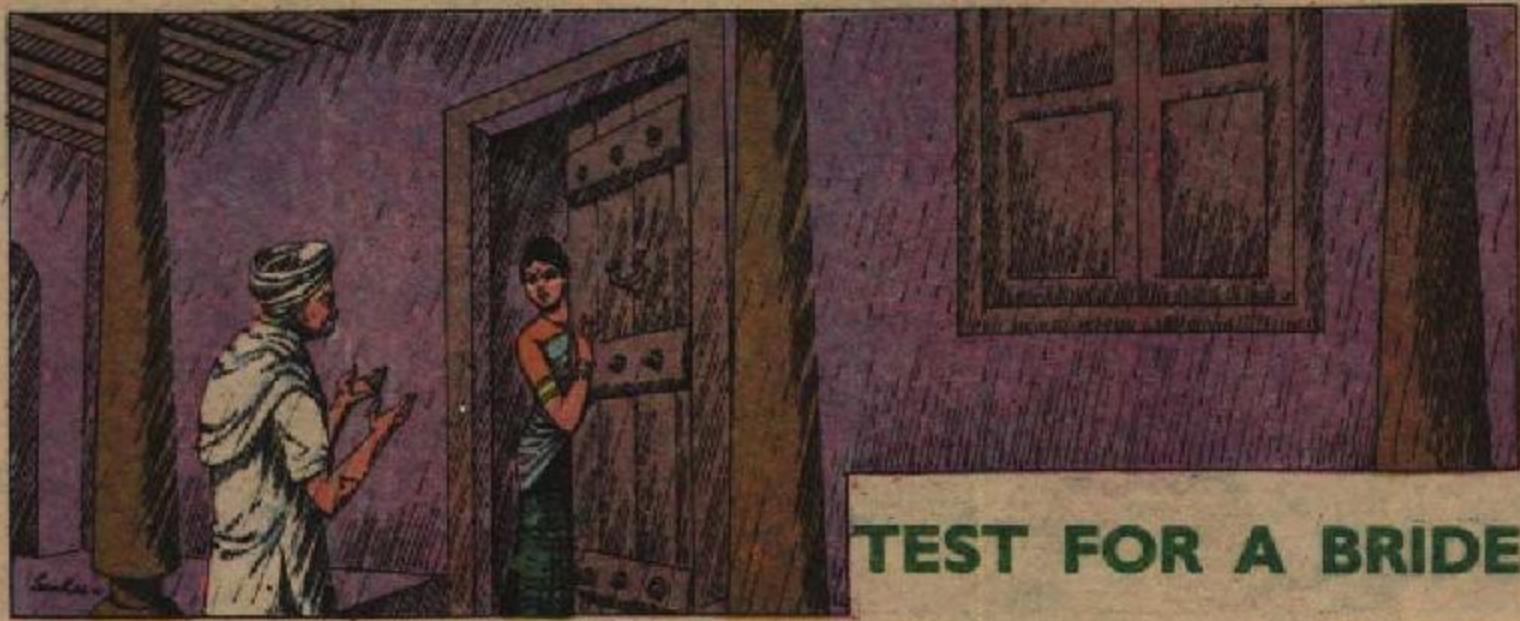
Gundharva was and how childish Surekha was. How could she bring about a meeting between the two? Had the sage not brought back the Gundharva through his power, Surekha would have led a dejected life! When Suniti herself was not prepared to marry the Gundharva, she had no business to direct

him to her sister. That was irresponsible of her. This apart, there is no doubt about the fact that Suniti loved Surekha very much."

No sooner, had the king concluded his answer than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.

WONDER WITH COLOURS





TEST FOR A BRIDE

In the village of Rampur lived Gopinath. He had an only child, a daughter named Sushila. When Sushila was barely a toddler her mother passed away. Gopinath brought up his daughter with loving care. She grew up to be both beautiful and intelligent.

Gopinath had a childhood friend named Dinanath who lived a few miles away in the village of Keshavpur. Dinanath's son Prabhakar was a young man of good character. Gopinath was eager to have Prabhakar as his son-in-law and so was Dinanath to have Sushila as his daughter-in-law. Sushila was well acquainted with Prabhakar. She used to blush and shy away at the mention of his name. Gopinath was pleased to note that his daughter had no objections to marriage with

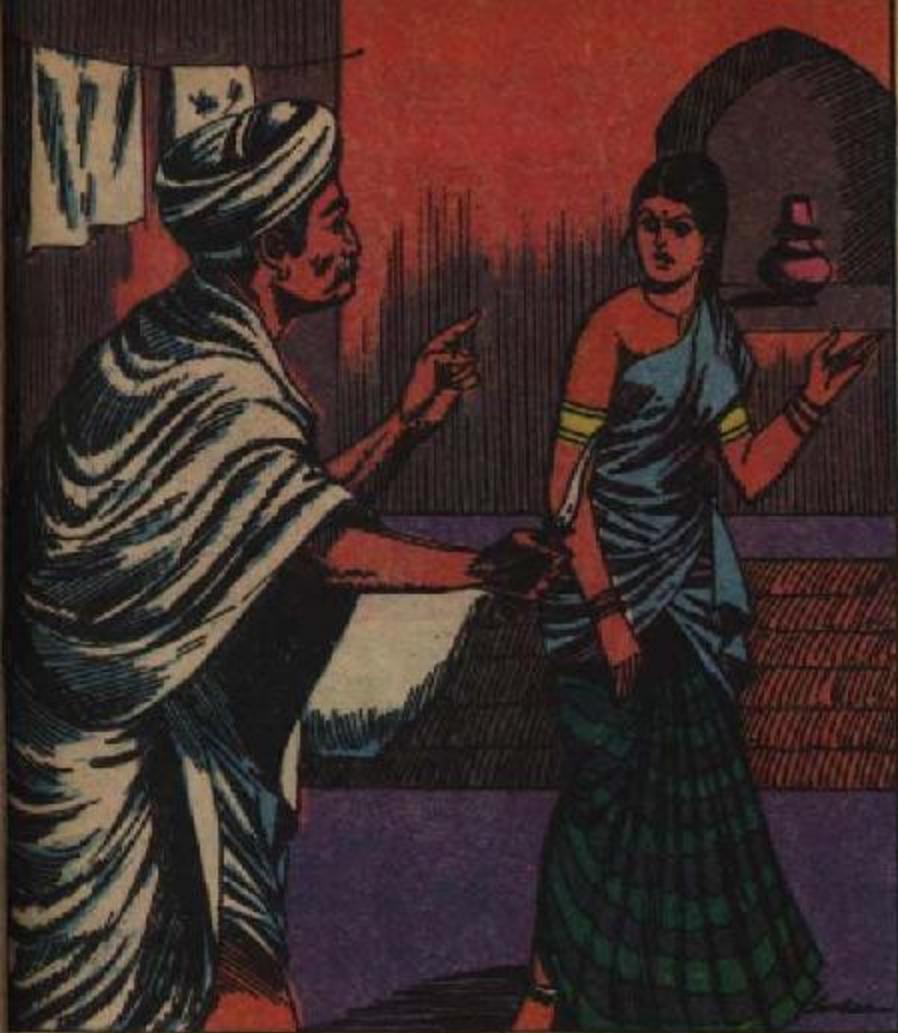
Prabhakar.

But for some time now, Gopinath's mind was in a state of unrest. Prabhakar had been sent to Burma by ship by the company he worked for. Days had passed and yet there was no news of the whereabouts of the ship. Prabhakar's boss, Dinanath and Gopinath were all greatly worried. Gopinath didn't say a word of this to Sushila but she could sense her father's anxiety.

One afternoon Gopinath said, "My child, I'm going to Dinanath's house. I haven't seen him for a long time. I won't be able to return tonight. I'll come back tomorrow morning. Be sure to lock all the doors and windows well before going to bed."

"All right, father. Don't worry about that," said Sushila reas-





suringly.

Evening began with a drizzle. Sushila finished her dinner early. She bolted the doors and fastened the windows. Then she lit her bedside lamp and settled down with a book.

Night advanced. The drizzle had turned into heavy rain. Suddenly someone knocked on the door. Sushila opened the window and looked out to find an old man.

"Are you looking for someone?" asked Sushila.

"I come from a distant village. It is impossible to go further in this rain. Can you give me shelter for tonight?" asked the old man.

Sushila quickly unbolted the door and let the weary traveller come in. She then asked him respectfully if he had had any dinner. The old man shook his head. Sushila immediately gave him something to eat. While the old man ate, she prepared a bed for him in an adjoining room. Suddenly she felt a cold object on her neck. She turned around. The old man was holding a gleaming knife in his hand.

"Listen, girl," said the old man rudely. "Give me all the money and gold and silver you have. Fast, or I'll kill you!"

"Don't you have any sense of righteousness? You are an old man. I looked upon you as my father and you threaten me with a knife! You want to loot my home do you? Do you realise what the consequence of such a crime is going to be?" said Sushila.

"Spare me your lectures! Do what I order you. Repentance is no good once you're dead," warned the old man.

For a moment Sushila was nonplussed. "You came here begging for shelter. Is this the way you show your gratitude?

Shut up! I am doing exactly what I came here for. Quick,



bring me all that you possess!" said the old man.

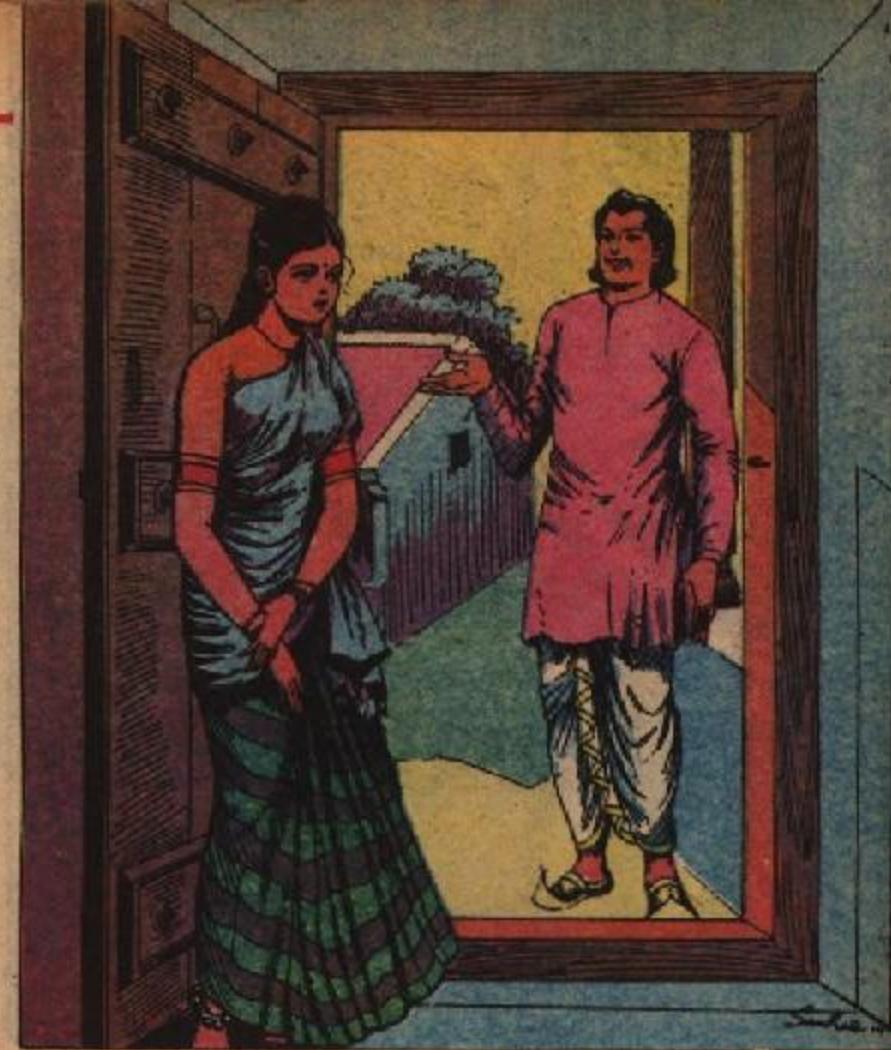
"Listen! I served you food with these hands. I can't help you steal with the same. In a box in that room lies whatever little we possess. Go and take it yourself," said Sushila in a steady voice.

As soon as the old man entered the room Sushila locked the door from outside. The trapped old man pounded on the door.

"Be quiet!" ordered Sushila "or I'll call the village folk and they'll beat the life out of you. My father will return in the morning. Perhaps he'll let you go. He's a kind-hearted man." The old man stayed quiet after that.

Sleep wouldn't come. So Sushila picked up her book and continued reading. Slowly dawn broke out and the rain stopped. Sushila opened the front door. She was thinking what to do with the prisoner when she sighted a young man coming towards her. The young man smiled at her and said, "Do you recognise me?"

Sushila looked at him for a moment and then said, "You are Anandkumar. You had



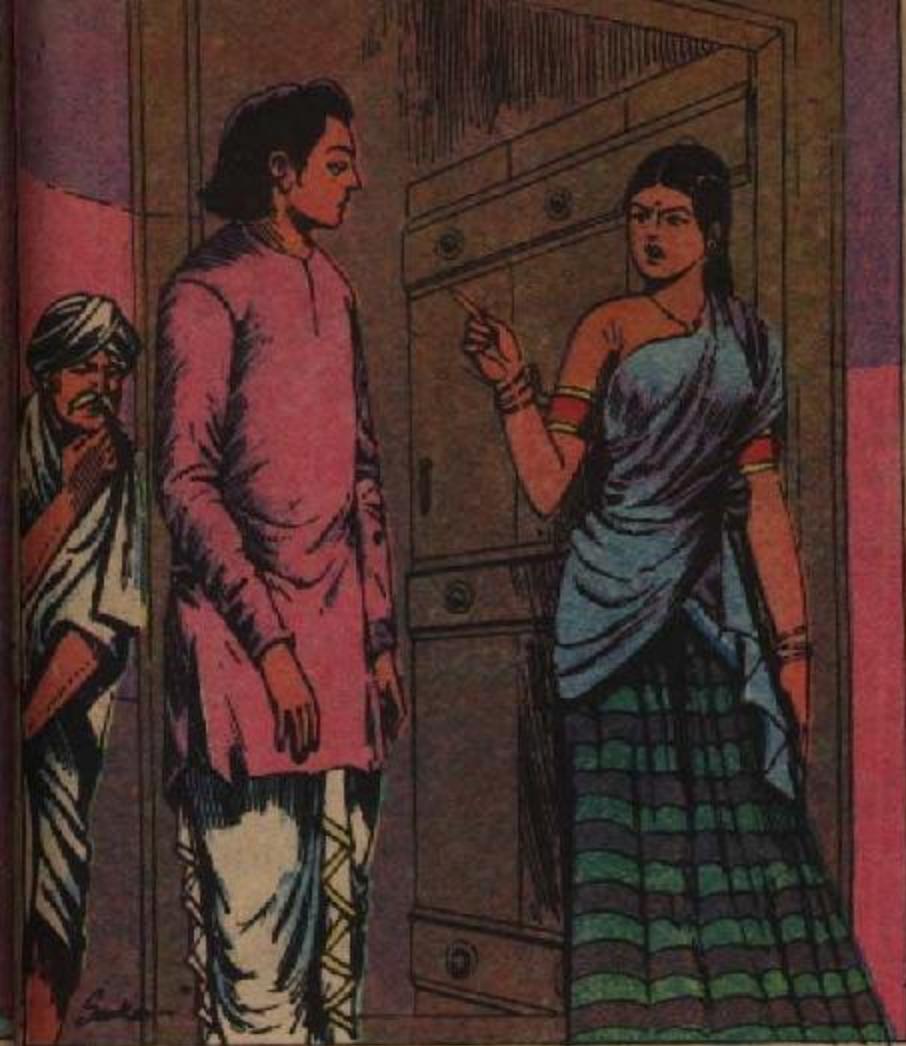
come to Lalita's wedding along with the bridegroom's party."

"Right! I'm the only son of Vallab Rai, the Zamindar. I took an immediate liking for you the very first time I set my eyes upon you. By the way, who's looking out of the window there?"

"He's a thief," replied Sushila and she told him the story.

Anand laughed and said, "My dear, he is not a thief but my servant. I had sent him to test you. By giving him shelter you proved your generosity; by not panicking, you proved your courage and by locking him in that room you proved your intelligence! Congratulations.





You have all the qualities required to be my wife. I had a doubt if you could adjust to our modern and wealthy family. But no more."

Sushila remained silent.

"What, aren't you happy? You are indeed worthy of me!" said the proud Anand Rai.

In a grave tone Sushila said, "Hear once more about my qualities. The fact that I don't hand over an arrogant fellow like you to the village guards proves my generosity that I can speak thus to a rich man like you, proves my courage; that I reject your proposal shows my intelligence!"

Anand Rai's mouth opened wide in surprise. He stood rooted to his spot.

"You can go," said Sushila. "In future, don't ever repeat this behaviour. Whoever gave you the right to test someone else? Had I fallen unconscious with fright, who would have looked after me? Had I screamed and shouted for the villagers, wouldn't your servant have been beaten to death? Think of the outcome before you do a thing. Lastly, it isn't enough if you love the girl. The girl must love you too!" Sushila paused then said, "You can go now." She freed the old man who immediately went away with his speechless master.

A little later arrived Gopinath. He was in a jubilant mood. Sushila told him all that had happened in his absence. Gopinath was both surprised and amused. After a refreshing bath he said, "My daughter, our Prabhakar has returned from his trip overseas. So, should I now fix a date for the marriage?"

There was a meaningful twinkle in his eye and Sushila, before running away, said, "Must you ask me?"





FOUR QUESTIONS

The King of Bhuvangiri wanted to have a new minister in his council of advisors. He decided to recruit someone from outside the nobility.

He formed a committee which was to select the man for the post. The guru of the king was requested to preside over the committee on the day of interview.

The eligible candidates were called to the court on the appointed day. The committee had prepared a set of scholarly questions. The guru approved them, but he said that the candidate to be successful should also prove his merit as a man of common sense. He decided to put four questions to them outside the set.

The candidates were called in

one after another. Those for whom the test was over, could continue in the hall to hear the candidates who came after them.

Many were successful in answering the scholarly questions, but none could satisfactorily answer even one of the four extra questions the guru asked.

At last came the turn of a young man from Varanasi, Sumantra.

“What is it that can destroy the wealth that is indestructible?” was the first question the guru asked.

“Knowledge, which is indestructible, can be destroyed by pride,” replied Sumantra.

“What are the two things that one should not disclose even to





one's wife?"

"Any secret that one has learnt under a solemn oath of secrecy and secrets of state if one is an official of the state, oath or no oath," replied Sumantra.

"What is the thing that inevitably brings botheration to one?"

"Anything in which one goes beyond one's limit."

"What should be the ideals of a highly placed officer of the

state?"

"The answers to the first three questions contain in them the answer to the fourth. He should be humble, he should not reveal the state secrets even to his closest people and he should never speak beyond necessity or do things beyond his limit."

"Excellent!" exclaimed the guru. Sumantra was appointed to the position.

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A WARM CONVERSATION IN A COLD NIGHT

King Aditya was tired of being surrounded by a courtful of flatterers. Day in and day out he was forced to listen to their false words of praise. One night, despite the chilly weather, the king went out of his palace in search of an honest man.

The king tightened his heavy shawl around his neck. After a long walk in the cold he found a poor man huddled in a street corner. "Aren't you feeling cold?" the king asked him.

"Sir, the wind enters through some holes in my rags and leaves through the other holes: But when the wind enters your warm shawl it finds no way out. That's why you feel cold whereas I don't," replied the man.

The king appreciated his sense of humour. He said, "I have a hundred gold coins. If I give you twenty, will you flatter me as if I was the king?"

"Only twenty? That would not be enough to flatter you that much, Sir!"

"What if I give you half of what I have?" asked the king.

"That would make us equal. Why should I flatter you?" quipped the poor man.

"Well, if I give you all the gold coins? You'll of course flatter me; isn't that so?"

The poor man laughed. "If I had all the gold coins, my good Sir, I would have no need to flatter you. You may perhaps flatter me, if you have the need for it!"

The king joined in the poor man's laughter. He not only gave him hundred pieces of gold, but also made him one of his courtiers.



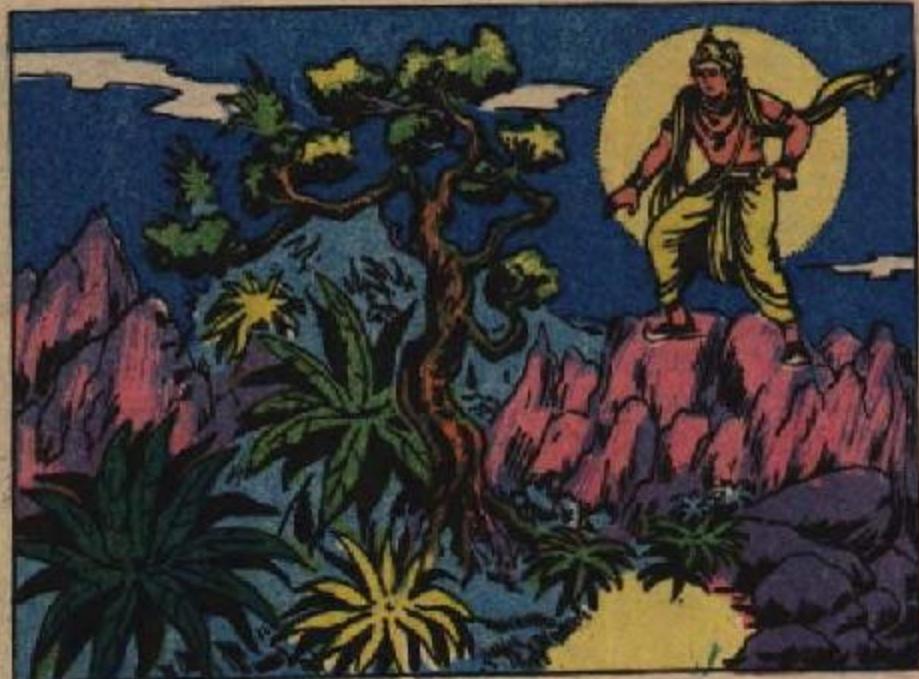


TEMPLES OF INDIA

SHRINES OF KHAJURaho

Thousands of years ago, there was a beautiful valley to the West of the Vindhya. In a moonlit night a Brahmin damsels was bathing in a lake in the valley. She was all alone.

The Moon-god, charmed by the peace and beauty of the valley, came down to roam about in it. He walked fast from one hill to another and saw the moon reflected in a valley.



Something as beautiful as the reflection of his own orb in the sky attracted him. She was the bathing beauty. The Moon-god came closer to the lake, unable to take his eyes off the damsels.



The Moon-god talked to the damsel. Night after night they met. The Moon-god persuaded her to marry him. They married secretly. Some days passed.

A time came when the Moon-God must depart. Being a god, he could not remain in a human form for any indefinite period. He left at last, assuring her that the son born to her would found a great dynasty.



The Moon-god's human wife gave birth to a son. The boy showed surprising signs of intelligence and courage. His mother took great care of him. He grew up to be a leader of the region.

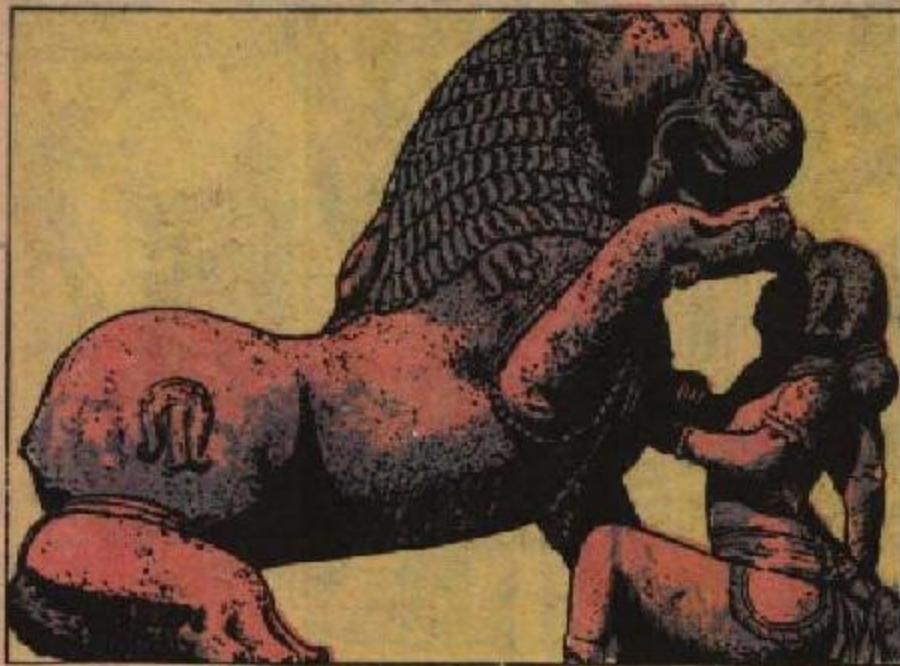
In due course the young man became a king. His dynasty became famous as the Chandellas—for they descended from the Moon or Chand. It was a noble dynasty.



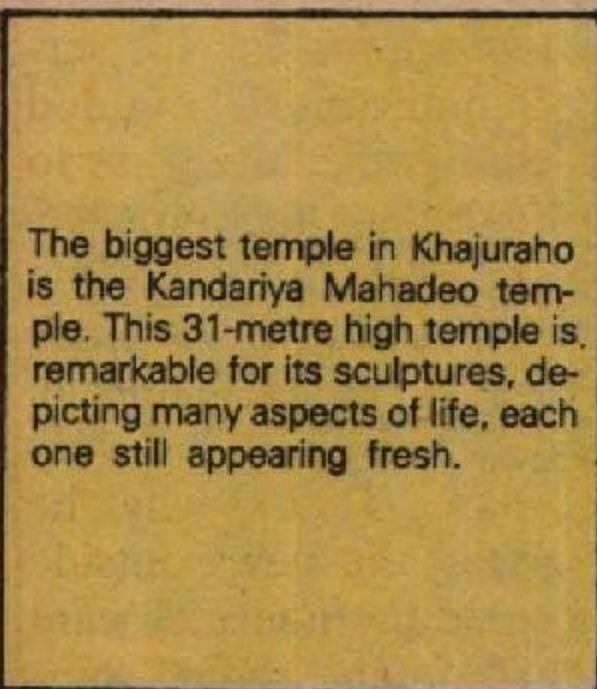
At the entrance of the city which the young king founded were erected two golden palm trees—for his parents had met under two palm trees. Palm is known as Khajur. Hence the city became known as Khajuraho.

Khajuraho was once a prosperous city. Merchants from many places of the world visited it. Kings of several dynasties constructed several temples here. Of them about twentyfive have stood the test of time.

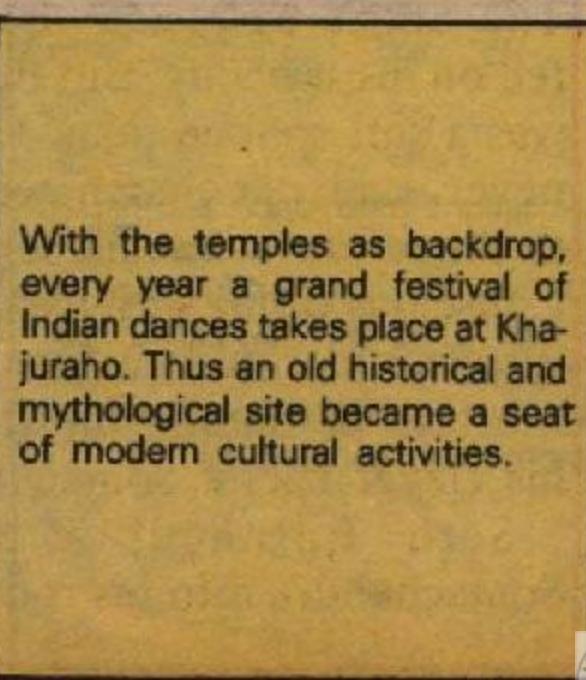
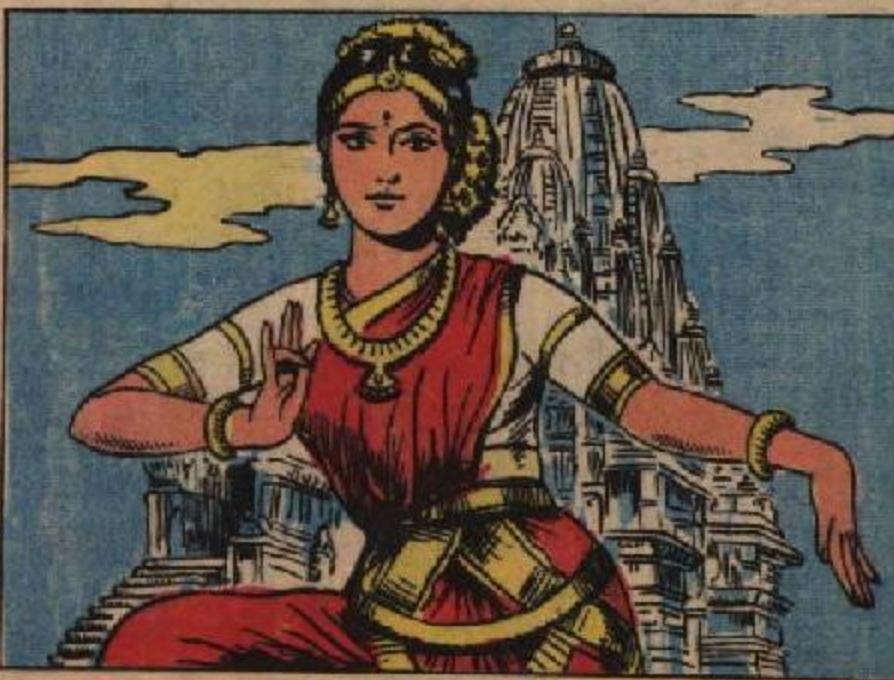




Numerous temples were built by the Chandellas, particularly during the 10th and 11th centuries, when the dynasty was at the height of its glory. The symbol of the dynasty was Leogryph, a lion with some mythical traits.



The biggest temple in Khajuraho is the Kandariya Mahadeo temple. This 31-metre high temple is remarkable for its sculptures, depicting many aspects of life, each one still appearing fresh.



With the temples as backdrop, every year a grand festival of Indian dances takes place at Khajuraho. Thus an old historical and mythological site became a seat of modern cultural activities.



THE REAL THIEF

Seth Ratnagupta was a big businessman of Chandranganagar. One night, ten thousand gold coins were stolen from his safe. In the morning when the Seth learnt about the theft he was shocked. He had never expected such a thing to happen in his household.

On the night of the robbery, four servants had been sleeping in a room adjacent to that in which all the money was kept. The Seth's suspicion therefore fell on his servants. But the Seth was a soft spoken man. He had never said one harsh word to anyone, not even his servants. Conscious of his own weakness, the Seth decided to hand over the task of finding the thief to his clever friend Somachandra.

Seth Ratnagupta called Somachandra into his room and

requested him that he find the thief without harassing his servants. Somachandra nodded consent and immediately set to work. He called the four servants and said, "Someone amongst you is a thief. Or, may be, you've all joined hands in this robbery. The Seth is a very decent man. That's why he hasn't spread the news outside nor informed the police. I want the ten thousand gold coins back where it belongs by this evening. If you confess, well and good and no other person shall even know about it. Otherwise, it'll mean trouble for you all."

The servants protested that they didn't know a thing about the theft. But Somachandra turned a deaf ear to their pleas and repeated, "I give you time



till this evening. Go!"

Evening came and went and Somachandra still didn't have a single clue as to who the thief was. The next morning he called the servants one by one into a room. First came Dharmaveera.

"Dharmaveera, you are the thief. I've enough proof with me to be sure that you have stolen the money. Confess your guilt and return the ten thousand gold coins and no one shall know about it. Otherwise you will be severely punished," said Somachandra.

Dharmaveera was greatly hurt. He shook his head sadly and said, "For ten years I have

worked in this house. Never in my life has such a thing happened. Why should I bite the hand that feeds me? It is better to die than to have my name sullied like this! It is my misfortune that my reputation is being stained without cause."

Somachandra sent Dharmaveera away and called Bhushanlal. He accused him straightaway as he had done in the case of Dharmaveera. Bhushanlal trembled with fear. "Save me, good sir, I'm innocent. I don't know a thing about this!"

"If you are innocent, why do you tremble in fear?" challenged Somachandra.

After Bhushanlal came Rammath. As before, Somachandra accused him of the theft. Rammath's face hardened with anger.

"I hope you realize what you're saying. Just because we are poor people doesn't mean that you'll put the blame on our heads! Who'll bear such injustice?"

"Enough of your empty words. You were sleeping when you should have been on guard. Ten thousand gold coins were stolen and now you get angry



because I blame you!"

Ramnath went out and in came Chandranath. Like Ramnath he protested vehemently.

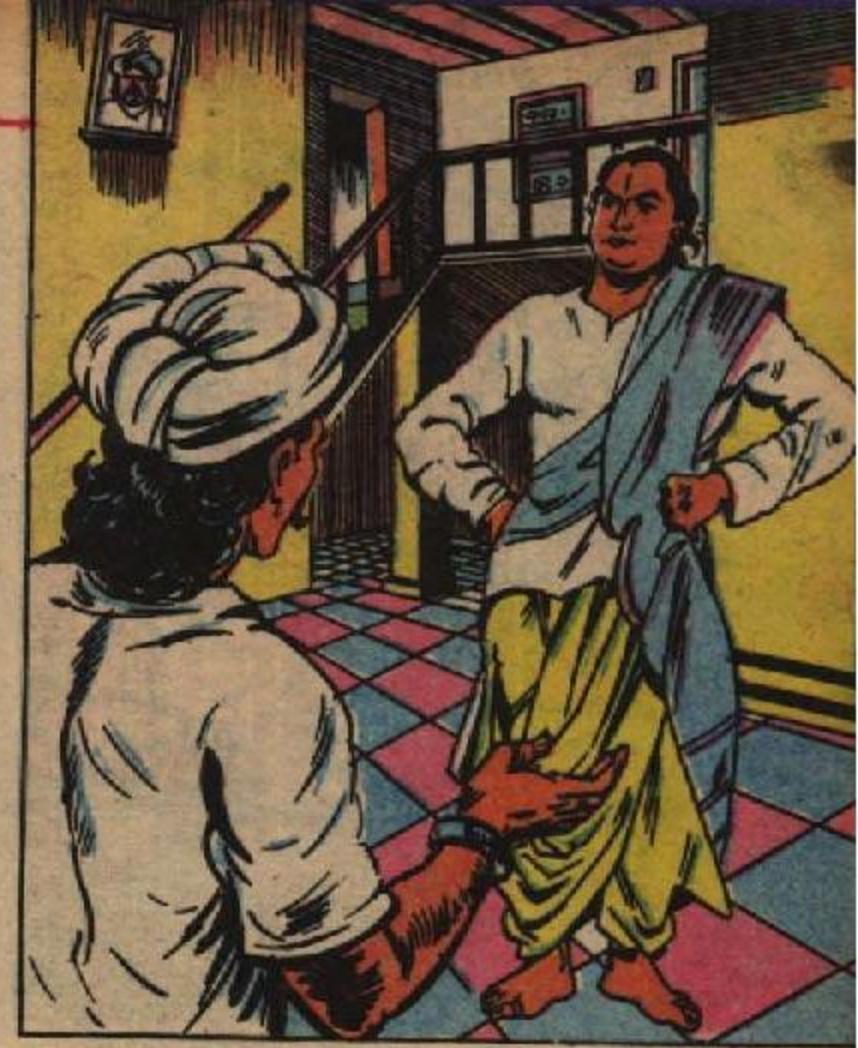
"What's the use of protesting now?" asked Somachandra. "When you are supposed to guard the treasury you were sound asleep."

Chandranath was furious. "I have to look after the household chores. All day I work hard. It is but natural that I should sleep soundly at night. If I were to guard the treasury, I would sleep all day and keep awake all night. If then something gets stolen let the blame fall on me!" Chandranath departed.

Somachandra went to his friend and said, "Sethji, from examining the servants I found out that both Dharmaveera and Ramnath are innocent. But I have my doubts about Bhushanlal and Chandranath. I suggest that we search their rooms."

Somachandra went and checked the servants quarters, built by the Seth at the back of his house. But he didn't find any incriminatory evidence.

"Sethji," said Somachandra, "I now feel that Chandranath is innocent too. I suspect Bhushanlal. Either he is the



thief or he knows who has stolen the money."

"But why should he confess to his crime?" said the Seth.

"Exactly. So the only thing now is to keep a tight watch on him."

A few days later word reached Somachandra that Bhushanlal was buying an expensive silk saree from the market. Somachandra immediately reached the spot and found that Bhushanlal possessed two hundred gold coin

"Tell me, how did you get this?" asked Somachandra sternly. Bhushanlal stood mute with fear. He was trembling



from head to foot. Somachandra took him to the Seth. The Seth asked him how he had obtained the money. Shaking violently Bhushanlal answered, "I am not the thief but I know who the thief is. Sir, the truth will only serve to embarrass you!"

The Seth nevertheless demanded to know the truth. Bhushanlal blurted out, "Your brother-in-law is the thief. He had spent all his money in wine and gambling. That night, while I was on guard duty and the other three servants were asleep, Dhanagupta came and threatened me with a knife. He

had the key to the safe. He took ten thousand coins and while going gave me two hundred coins to keep mum about the whole thing."

The next day the Seth sent his brother-in-law Dhanagupta back to his house. He ordered Bhushanlal not to breathe a word about this to anyone. After all Dhanagupta was his wife's brother. The Seth searched Dhanagupta's room and found the rest of his money.

Later the Seth called Somachandra and asked him how he had caught the real thief.

Somachandra laughed and replied, "It wasn't very difficult. When I put the blame on Dharmaveera he was genuinely hurt because he was innocent and because he is a faithful servant. Ramnath protested indignantly because he was honest too. Why should he take the blame for something he hasn't done? Chandranath protested and argued that it wasn't his job to guard the treasury. Such a man could either be innocent or guilty. So I suspected him for some time. But Bhushanlal looked suspicious right from the begin-





ning. Although he refused any knowledge about the theft, he was visibly frightened. Only a guilty person or a person having some knowledge of the crime

can be in fear of being found out."

Seth Ratnagupta patted Somachandra on the back and praised his keen intelligence.

A MUST FOR SUCCESS

In a certain village lived a physician called Vyamokesha. One night, folks from the neighbouring village called him to look to a sick patient. The physician hurriedly picked up his medicine bag and left.

It was past midnight. Vyamokesha's eyes were heavy with sleep. On reaching the sick man's house, the physician noted that the patient was very ill. Vyamokesha gave some pills to him.



After an hour the man died. His relatives were furious. They lifted the physician and hurled him into the river. Poor Vyamokesha swam desperately and with great difficulty finally reached the shore.

Back home, he found that his son was busy studying books on Ayurveda. Vyamoksha approached him and said, "Son, let not these books be the limit to your knowledge. If you want to be a successful physician like me, you must first learn to swim!"

PRINCE CHARMING FOR A NIGHT

Kunal Verma, an old courtier of the King of Vidarbha, was sent to Kuberpuri area of the Kingdom as its Governor.

The people of Kuberpuri received him in a well-attended public meeting. A musician sang the welcome song in a melodious tone. The substance of the song was: "O young, noble and charming master, come and take charge of us. Your bright face, tender voice and unique vigour will be an inspiration for us!"

Kunal Verma felt extremely flattered. He spent the night happily. Next day he found the singer and asked him, "Who composed that lyric? I should reward him."

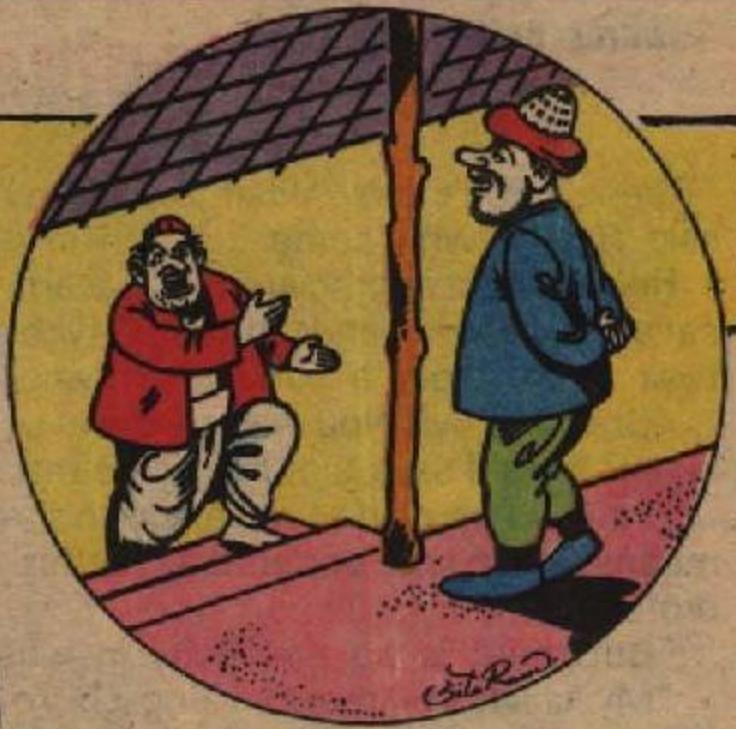
"Forget rewarding him, Sir. The poet died fifty years ago. He had composed it for a charming prince who had once come here as our governor. Since that time we sing it to welcome every new governor," replied the singer.

Kunal Verma's spirit was dampened.



GUILTY

The wealthy miser complained to the Kazi at the latter's residence. "The village teacher insulted me by saying that I should not become an ass."



"The teacher is guilty. We will give our judgement tomorrow in the open court," said the Kazi.

The happy money-lender went on asking everybody to attend the court the next day to hear the Kazi's judgement against the teacher.



The Kazi pronounced before the crowd, "I find the teacher guilty of stopping the money-lender from becoming what he has a right to become!"

THE ELEPHANTINE ENGLISH

"Reena, I don't know what to do with Harold. He wants to see an elephant," said Rajesh with some concern in his voice.

Reena could appreciate his concern, because both of them were eager to satisfy all the demands of Harold who came from the U.S.A. He was touring their state under a cultural exchange programme.

"Grandpa, will you please drive us to the Siva temple fifty kilometres away? Harold says that he will be ready to see the elephant this afternoon.

"I should be glad to drive you to the temple. But are you sure your guest means what you understand of his statement?" asked the smiling old professor.

"But there is no ambiguity in what he says!" rejoined Rajesh.

"My child, in American English *To see the elephant* is a phrase which means to see all there is to see!" informed the professor.

Rajesh and Reena looked at each other. "I'm afraid, that is what Harold meant," said Rajesh.

"Nevertheless, we can take Harold for a drive to the Siva temple. He is a nice boy and not a *white elephant*, after all."

"Grandpa, I believe *a white elephant* means something that gives more trouble than its worth. Am I right?" asked Reena. "But I don't know how the phrase came into being."

"It is said that in olden days if the kings of Thailand wished to ruin somebody, they presented him with a white elephant. Ostensibly it was an honour, but the receiver of the gift had to spend much on the animal while he received no benefit from it. Not to take care of the elephant would amount to insulting the king!" explained Grandpa. "Only an elephant can bear an elephant's load, you know! This is a proverb of Indian origin, meaning only a great man can do the work of a great man," he added.





LET US KNOW

What is an Sahitya Academy Award?

—Kailash Agarwal, Jaipur.

The Sahitya Akademi (that is how 'Academy' is spelt in this case) is an institution founded by the Government of India to promote the different literatures of India. The Akademi selects a book from each of the major languages of India every year, by the help of critics, scholars and authors in each language, and gives an award to the author of the work in a function generally held in the capital. The Award consists of a bronze citation and cash of ten thousand rupees. This is India's national award for creative writing.

We have two other Akademies. The one that promotes art is known as the Lalit Kala Akademi. The one that promotes dance and music is known as the Sangeet Natak Akademi. They also give annual awards for excellence of achievement in the fields with which they are concerned.

What is Indo-Anglican literature?

—Rita Vardhan, Jamshedpur.

It is not Indo-Anglican, but Indo-Anglian. Some people also use the term Indo-English for the same thing.

Indo Anglian literature is the literature (novels, short-stories, poetry, plays) produced by Indians in English.

What is the origin of the word *Zen* as it is used in *Zen Buddhism*?

—R. Ranganath, Bombay.

Zen is derived from the word *Dhyana* (meditation).

Which is the older name—Ceylon or Sri Lanka?

—Maurice, Calcutta.

The earliest name of the island available in ancient works is Lanka (in the Ramayana). Ceylon is derived from Simhala. An Indian prince with Simha for his surname founded a habitation there in ancient times, but after the Ramayana era.

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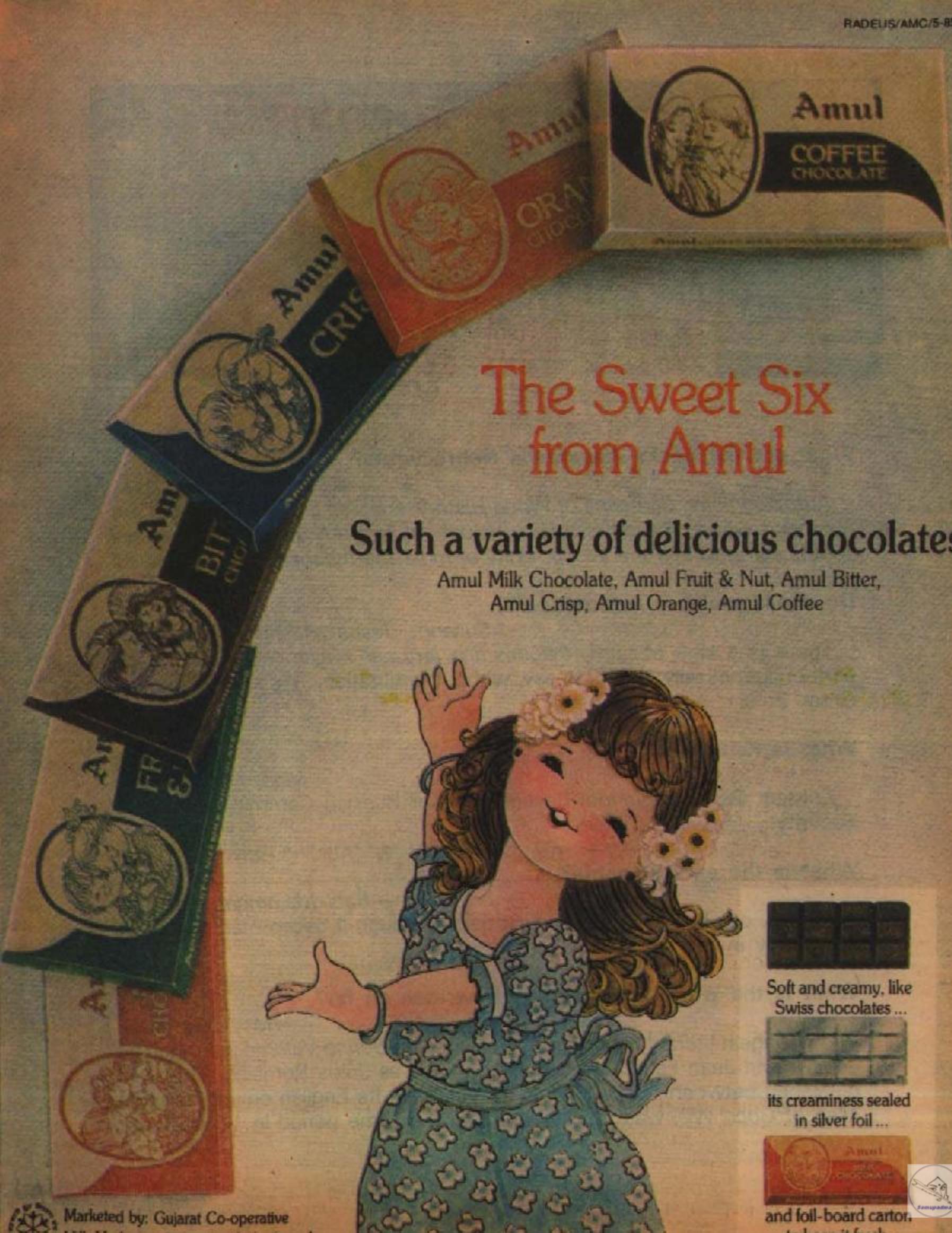


PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



A.V. Rangaiah



A.V. Rangaiah

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail it to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs. 50/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

The Prize for April '86 goes to:—

Mr. S.R. Murthy C/o BPC Ltd,
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The Winning Entry:— 'Looking Pretty' & Walking Gritty

PICKS FROM THE WISE

The world is round so that friendship may circle it.

—Pierre Teilhard De Chardin.

Mankind's happiest times are the blank pages in history.

—Leopold Von Ranke.

The best sauce for food is hunger.

—Socrates.





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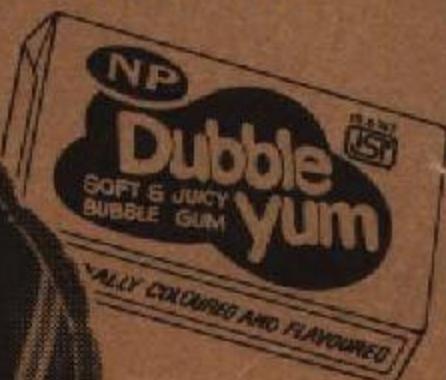
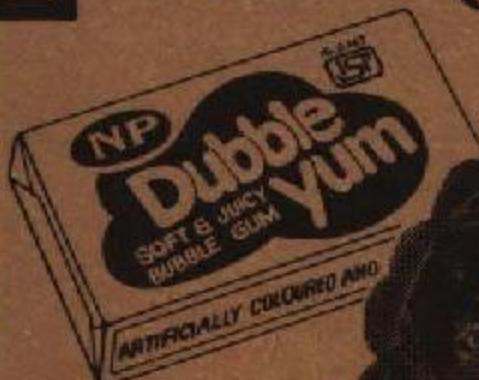
* No ironing

1. Remove the paper backing. Keep the transfer face upwards pressed flat on any surface you please.
2. Rub quickly and lightly, starting from the top and working your way down.
3. Pull the sheet back. Lo! and behold! The picture is transferred.



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